THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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ALVA—By M. de BLOWITZ

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

XUM

WOULDN'T YOU BUY A

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Wouldn't you at least be anxious to learn all the facts of such an unusual offer?

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During the past two seasons our advertisements have appeared in the leading magazines and religious publications of the country. In them we told you as convincingly as we knew how, of the extraordinary real estate conditions existing in New York City—how these conditions were due to the tremendous annual increase in population (over 110,000 a year)—the restricted territory in which New York can possibly expand—and the limited amount of land to be had in this Empire City of the World.

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In the past 4 years we have sold over seven millions of dollars' worth of New York property.

Doesn't it seem fair to presume that the same reasons which convinced so many thousands of practical, thinking men and women everywhere of the undoubted value of our proposition, would convince YOU? Isn't it worth the time at least to send us your name to-day—and learn how you may possibly make $5000 by paying $10 down and $6 a month until your payments amount to $510?

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As a guarantee of good faith, we agree with all persons living East of Chicago, to pay you in cash the cost of your railroad fare to New York and return, if you visit our property and find one word of this advertisement a misrepresentation; or in case you buy, we will credit cost of the fare on your purchase; to those living farther away we will pay a proportion equal to round-trip Chicago ticket.

That You Could Make a Fortune in New York Real Estate—

(especially when it costs you only $10 down and $6 a month) wouldn't you be impressed? Well, listen! That's just what Mr. Sage did say in the New York World of September 28, 1902:

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"A man who buys real estate in any of the five boroughs—of course exercising average good judgment—has a fortune before him. *Brooklyn is growing at the rate of 75,000 people a year.*

"Young man, buy real estate, especially acre property, in the outlying boroughs, and then work hard at your usual avocation. Your real estate purchases will make your old age comfortable."

RUSSELL SAGE.

Our property is located in Brooklyn—it is therefore a very significant fact when Mr. Sage says "*Brooklyn is growing at the rate of 75,000 people a year.*" Think of it! That means *three-fourths* of all New York's enormous yearly increase of population.

REFERENCES: 20 National Banks, the Commercial Agencies, prominent magazines and religious periodicals, and the written testimony of thousands of satisfied customers whose addresses will be furnished upon application. Read this:—

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257 Broadway, New York City

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Recollections of M. de Blowitz

PART II

ALVA

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MEANWHILE there were terrible scenes at the Court. The reigning Prince, on learning what he called the disgrace of his house, was in such a paroxysm of wrath that he himself, by what little reason remained to him, did not dare to face his daughter, the Princess.

"The miserable informer, the gardener, immediately after having told his tale in the presence of the Prince, had been imprisoned. He was now sent for and obliged to sign a declaration which might involve a death sentence for him. He was then given an important sum of money, taken to Bremen under a good escort, and sent off to one of the American States, with orders never, under pain of death, either to reveal a word of what he knew or to return to Europe. Moreover, several months ago, Alven informed me that news had been received of his death.

"Immediately after his departure, the Prince, apprised of the exact whereabouts of Alva, had sent three men, on whose loyalty and decision he could rely, to kidnap her. As you know, they arrived too late. But the unfortunate Princess was the object of the most monstrous persecution. All her attendants had been changed. Her two maids were two jailers, who never let her out of their sight, and who passed their time in torturing her. Her health suffered greatly. Partial paralysis set in. At her request Alven was sent for. The Doctor asked to be left alone with her and his request was granted. He did not conceal from her that she was nearing her end. She displayed real heroism. Her sole sorrow was not to see her child. She made all the necessary arrangements. She intrusted to her Doctor a copy of the act which she had had drawn up for the sale of her property, and the order to convert it into securities which, in case of her death, were to be given to me. At a second visit of the Doctor, who declared to her that she could never undertake another journey, she wrote to me with his aid that, when her landed property had been converted and the securities intrusted to me, she begged me to go with Alva to London, taking the securities with me, to deposit them in one of the largest English banks which she named, and to use the revenue for the common benefit of Alva and myself, until God should allow her to join us.

"The question of the sale and transformation of her property took some time, for there was great need of discretion, and it was only toward the middle of 1875 that the steward and the governor of the district brought me the product of the sale in two immense boxes accompanied with a duplicate list of the contents.

"The total amounted to a little more than £200,000, which gave an annual income of £9000, or about £750 a month.

"We left my property several days later, and I went with my dear Alva to London under an assumed name, and without making any stir. I deposited the securities under my name in the bank indicated and, pending the moment when the Princess could travel and join us, we devoted our time, and even a certain portion of our revenues, to completing and perfecting the education of Alva, to whom thus far I had avoided revealing her origin.

"Alas, Alva could not long support the English climate, and just when, in agreement with her, I was planning to go to pass the winter in Cairo or Algiers, there reached us the painful news of the death of my dear and beloved Princess.

"My grief was such that I could not help sharing it with Alva, and revealing to her her origin as well as her mother's death. Alva was thrown into profound despair, and as I perceived that her health was suffering thereby, I resolutely left London, and we visited in succession Cairo, the Canary Islands, Palermo and Algeria.

"Alva had quite recovered her health and the splendor of her young beauty, and, as we both needed rest and a fixed abode, at Alva's insistence we went on to Paris where we have been now for twenty months.

"I am doing my best to make my narrative short, but I am bound to explain everything, since I must finally make appeal to your friendship, which although not one of very long standing is nevertheless one in which I have the most complete confidence.

"We were living then in Paris. I knew we had been hunted for, but as we often changed our name and residence and as we depended upon no one for anything whatever, as we never made any debts, and, in a word, did nothing that could attract special attention, it was really almost impossible to discover us. Moreover, ever since the Princess' death I had been aware that sooner or later there would be attacks against me, for I knew the harshness and avarice of those who had survived my unhappy friend. For some time I had been worried by the complexity of the arrangements for receiving my income, all the securities being in England. I mentioned these annoyances to one of the employees of the bank that was acting as my agent, and who, I may say in parenthesis, is behaving himself abominably toward me at present.

"'Mon Dieu, Madame,' replied this employee, 'nothing is easier. We receive every day quantities of securities from London, under policies of insurance. You have only to direct your London banker to give to one of our London agents, in exchange for our receipt, the papers deposited with him, and we will receive them, merely charging you for the insurance policy and the carriage, putting at your disposal one of our safes with a receipt to that effect.'

"I had the unfortunate idea of accepting this proposition, and this is what was done. Hugot, on the first of every month, went with my receipt to the bank, where the cashier, who, moreover, was thoroughly trustworthy, regularly detached the coupons from my securities in honoring my monthly receipt.

"A few months ago one of the detectives sent to discover our whereabouts found out our address. He had met Hugot, whom he recognized, in the street, and followed him to our hotel, where, quite tranquilly, under a respectable air, he took rooms in order to watch us. He kept his eye especially on Hugot, and finally discovered the bank where our money was. Thus it was that now almost three months ago, when Hugot went thither with my receipt, the cashier informed him that he could not honor it, regular opposition having been notified on behalf of a foreign Court by one of the great Embassies.

"Hugot returned in utter consternation. You can imagine the effect of this news upon me. I rushed off to the bank. I asked if I could not be given a sum quite outside and apart from my revenue, but they refused. Such was the nature of the opposition that it had aroused suspicions against me at the bank. I returned home in despair. The manager of the hotel to whom without giving any details I communicated the fact of my momentary embarrassment, behaved admirably, and requested me to make no change in my manner of living.

"I immediately wrote to Alven with whom I can correspond without any danger, but he was away from home and I had to wait until his return for a reply.

"When at last he had returned he sent me a legal authority whom I could trust. We went together to consult one of the most eminent members of the Paris bar. He asked me to show him the titles guaranteeing my right to the property. I possessed nothing but the London banker's receipt and that of the Paris banker. He declared that these two receipts appeared to him insufficient to secure the annulling of the opposition, but that in any case I could bring legal action. The result, however, in the dearth of further documents appeared to him doubtful. I refused to bring an action, dreading the stir and scandal, the newspaper articles and the arrival of the reporters, the whole horror of a situation bound to end disastrously.

"The legal authority then went back to Alven who began to consider what should be done. Such is my present situation, and it is your own communication to me which has led me to reveal to you these facts. I have long wanted to mention them to you, but now that you have heard my story you can understand why I have hesitated, fearing to place myself in a painful light if I had done so earlier. If I do so now it is because you yourself have afforded me the occasion by taking, so to speak, the first step. And now, if you will, come to see me to-morrow, and if you are disposed to champion my cause, as I think you are, I will tell you the service which I have to ask of you."

When I returned on the morrow she had indeed reflected.

"I know," she said, "that Monsieur Waddington, the Prime Minister, is a great friend of yours, and it is said you have rendered him many services for which he is grateful. We must learn from him how this opposition has been taken, for our enemies, you understand, have less rights to put forward

M. WADDINGTON WAS REALLY PAINED

than I who am, after all, in possession of my fortune, and the opposition in question is, in spite of, or because of, its validity, an absolutely arbitrary act. I ask you to go to see M. Waddington, to explain the situation to him, to ask him to find out how and on what grounds the opposition has been taken, and then to use his authority to protect me against the injustice of which I am the victim."

What Marsa had said was perfectly true. M. Waddington cherished a real sentiment of gratitude toward me. On the twelfth of November, 1877, at the fall of the Cabinet of the sixteenth of May, M. Dufaure was about to form his ministry in which M. Waddington was to take the portfolio of education, and the Comte de Saint-Vallier that of foreign affairs.

At the request of some friends I went to see M. Dufaure, who always showed to me the greatest good-will, and proved to him that he ought to give the portfolio of education to M. Bardoux, his former associate at the Ministry of Justice, that M. de Saint-Vallier, for whom Prince Bismarck professed particular sympathy, ought to be sent to Berlin, and that for peremptory reasons he ought to give the ministry of foreign affairs to M. Waddington. To this M. Dufaure agreed, and on the spot he confided to me the mission of seeing M. Waddington and, in his name, of offering him the ministry of foreign affairs, instead of that of education. I went on immediately, in spite of the late hour, to the Rue Dumont d'Urville, to M. Waddington's house, to fulfill the mission intrusted to me.

—A SORT OF GIANT, CLAD IN THE LONG RUSSIAN LIVERY

M. Waddington, after some hesitation, and notwithstanding Madame Waddington's energetic opposition, accepted the offer and became Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Dufaure Cabinet. It was thus that he took part, as first plenipotentiary, in the Berlin Congress, where throughout the sessions, from the beginning to the end, I was fortunate enough to render him daily services, and where I constantly defended him by word and pen against the attacks of the French newspapers.

After the Congress I explained and defended his acts to his chief, M. Dufaure, the Prime Minister, and finally, in a long talk with M. Gambetta, a summary of which, in the form of an interview, appeared in the London Times, and was, by M. Gambetta's orders, reproduced in the République Française, I brought about between the two a *rapprochement*, as a consequence of which M. Gambetta abandoned his hostility toward M. Waddington.

The latter, moreover, never ceased to show his affection for me, and when Marsa proposed to me to see him, I had readily consented, sure in advance that I should succeed, and delighted at the thought of making her happy.

Stubborn Opposition from the Hostile Ambassador

On traversing the court I perceived the hotel manager looking at me from his office door. I went up to him and told him that what he had said the night before was true, but that the Duchess' embarrassments were temporary, and that I begged him to make no change in his manner toward her and even to speak to the shopkeepers, in order to induce them to continue to extend their confidence to the Duchess, for, I added, "I guarantee that neither you nor any one will lose a penny." The manager was delighted and promised to do what I asked. I felt no anxiety in having, so to speak, gone sponsor for Marsa, for, after what she had said, and convinced, as I was, that I should succeed almost immediately in arranging matters, this detail seemed quite natural.

I went off to the Quai d'Orsay to see M. Waddington. He received me with his customary warmth. I asked him if he had the time to listen to me. He rang for the usher, ordered him not to trouble him until he called, and, opening the door into the bureau of his *Chef de Cabinet*, gave similar orders not to disturb him during our talk. He listened to me attentively, insisting that I omit no detail, now and then showing that my story stirred him, and when I had done said:

"I thank you for telling me this, although I am really troubled; but my knowledge of the affair was very slight. Yet I had been told about it, and I had attached little importance to it. I am going to examine it carefully and immediately, and if you will come back at 2:30 to-morrow I hope to be able to give you every satisfaction."

I rushed off to Marsa to report the good news. She was delighted, adding:

"I have only just received a letter from Alven of which I will speak to you to-morrow, when all is over, although I may tell you now that in it he says that, even if I do not succeed in averting the perfidious attack of which I am the object, I must not despair."

"I hope," I replied, "that the day after to-morrow I shall bring you a definite solution, and that you will have no need of appealing to Doctor Alven. . . ."

Alas, I did not bring her on that date the definite solution. I found M. Waddington nervous and anxious, almost irritated. He immediately tackled the matter.

"I have made the necessary inquiry," said he, "and, whatever my regret, I am bound to tell you frankly that I cannot possibly agree to what you ask of me. We are face to face with the direct intervention of a powerful ambassador, acting under the orders of his government. The opposition to the payment is perfectly regular, and we are on the point of receiving proofs of its validity and of the rights of seizure which are demanded. I beg you to excuse me for what I am going to say, but your two *protégées* are described as adventuresses and accused of embezzlement, while the story of the daughter of a royal Princess is treated as a ridiculous fable. She is said to be merely the illegitimate child of the woman called the Duchess, and the latter is accused of having taken advantage of the insanity of the Princess, whose lady of honor she was, to steal from her the property settled on her. In order to satisfy you I should have first to talk the matter over with the President of the Republic, and then bring it before the Cabinet Council. But I am sure I should have M. Grévy against me as well as the Cabinet—that is to say, I should have to resign, which would in no way advance matters, for, after all, I may perhaps be able to be of service to you."

I got up hastily, and as M. Waddington reproached me for my *brusque* movement, and as I saw that he deeply regretted the whole thing, the idea of Doctor Alven's letter came to me, and, quite on the chance, and in order to gain time, I said to M. Waddington that I had, so to speak, gone sponsor for Marsa, that I was therefore personally much embarrassed, and, since he was to be shown the proofs of the legality of the opposition, I begged him to grant me a little time. "Since the proof is to be given you," said I, "you may at all events, in some way or other, find a way of postponing the seizure for several months, all the more as I am myself in great embarrassment, having gone sponsor for these ladies."

M. Waddington was really pained. "I think," said he, "that you have the truth on your side. Your story must be true, for you were the first to show me how to verify it. But I can do nothing against a state of things exposing us to assuming an insulting attitude toward the honored representative of a great Power. Yet, in order to prove to you my complete good faith, I promise that the authorization for the seizure shall not be granted before August 15. That I fear is all I can do for you."

The Secret Mission to Samaden

Evidently, if Marsa did not faint on my telling her this it was because she cherished a last hope in Alven, and because she saw me too in such despair that she had recourse to all her energy. She said to me: "Look: Alven is at present at Samaden in the Engadine, in charge of a distinguished patient, whom he cannot leave for a single day. He keeps me apprised of what is going on. They are trying to collect documents to prove that the Princess was insane before she sold her lands and before giving me her securities. Alven has flung himself heroically across this infamous plot. Other doctors have come to his rescue. He does not know whether he will succeed in upsetting this scheme, but in any case it will take some time for it to succeed. Alven begs me to go to him with Alva, whom he longs to see. He doesn't know, my poor dear friend, that I am myself a prisoner, and that, in spite of your intervention with my creditors, my departure would look like flight, that I should be the object of a legal plaint, and that we should be ruined. Yet Alven declares that he must know absolutely all the details of what has occurred and that this can be only *viva voce*. Moreover, it must be done very quickly, for he is about to leave Samaden with his patient, probably for Cairo."

"And what are you going to do?" I asked.

She blushed, then became pale. She hesitated for some time, but finally said:

"I am going to appeal to the greatest devotion, the greatest abnegation, the greatest sentiment of honor, of which a man can give proof to two women whom he does not know. Will you accompany Alva with one of my lady's-maids to Samaden? I know that in confiding her to your honor I am not wanting in my duty toward her. But I do not wish it to be known that Alven has met her—first, because they would take vengeance on him, and secondly, because, if proved, this meeting would destroy the intervention against the declaration of madness and everything would be lost."

"But when shall we start?" I asked.

She grasped my hand and kissed it, covering it with tears.

"Your act consoles me for all my woes. You will leave on the fourteenth; Hugot, who will precede you, will await you at Lucerne, where you will arrive on the morning of the fifteenth, going to the Hotel National, and where he will be introduced to you by the hotel people, to offer his services as *courrier*. He knows quite well what to do and is well acquainted with the country. He will conduct you to Samaden and even further, as a tourist traveling in post-chaise. At Samaden you will go to the hotel where Alven is stopping. Alva, toward 11 P. M., will feel unwell, and Hugot, in seeking a doctor, will naturally appeal to Alven who will have returned a half-hour before. Alva will remain ill two days, during which she will be taken care of by her maid: and you three—Alva, you and Alven—will thus have ample time to talk without arousing suspicion, and to do what Alven tells you or directs me to do."

She interrupted her explanations for some long moments. Then, with resolution, as if taking her courage by both hands, she said:

"Alas, but this is not all; but at present I dare not part with the little money that remains and——"

I interrupted her:

"Let us not lose precious moments in futile circumlocutions. I shall be delighted to take this trip and I am sure that Alva's presence will make it still more charming. I will advance the money. If you recover your property you will give me back Alva's half of the expenses. If not, I shall try not to be too much affected."

The Arrival and the Conference

On the morning of July 15 we arrived at Lucerne at the Hotel National. We waited for Hugot. Toward noon, the manager of the hotel, then the famous M. Ritz, came to see me and informed me that a *courrier*, who had just quitted a family which he had accompanied to Lucerne, offered me his services. It was Hugot.

I wanted to start immediately, but Alva was fatigued and wished to rest until the morrow. Moreover, and this was a very feminine trait, in spite of all I could say, and although we were thus losing a day, she refused to continue our journey without having made the ascent of the Rigi. I had to yield. Hugot was to leave on the morrow for Fluellen at the end of the Lake of Four Cantons, where he transported our slight baggage, and we and the maid were to stop at Vitznau, lunch on the Rigi, take the afternoon boat, and meet Hugot at Fluellen.

There, in fact, he awaited us with the hotel carriage, and told us he had engaged a four-horse team such as is habitually employed for this route, to drive us by the St. Gothard, by Andermatten and Chiaso to Lugano, where we should cross the lake to continue on the farther shore our journey to Samaden. We started on the following morning, and an incident on the route depressed us by the lugubrious presentiments that it inspired, but which, happily, were not realized.

Two years before I had gone from the Rigi-Carlbad, where I was staying, to Goeschenen to visit the works in the St. Gothard tunnel. I had been received most hospitably there by M. Fabre, the contractor of the tunnel, and he had shown me what had already been accomplished. When, two years later, I passed with Alva by Goeschenen in front of the very hotel where I had been received, I was asked to stop my carriage, and I saw issuing from the tunnel an immense procession of men in dark clothes, following a coffin which passed before us. They were the workmen of the tunnel accompanying to his last resting-place the hearse of Monsieur Fabre. I was much impressed by the sombre coincidence and arrived with a heavy heart at Andermatten, whence without further incident we went on to Samaden.

There we remained two days. Alven was given all the necessary details. He was in ecstasy before Alva and he

quitted her in despair. Hugot's bearing had been admirable. Not the slightest suspicion had arisen in regard to us. When I went away Alven gave me a large and heavy letter in a double envelope, saying:

"Keep it preciously. It is perhaps salvation itself. I have rendered to the omnipotent person to whom it is addressed the greatest service a man can render to another man. I saved from certain death a human being he adored. He has always said that there was nothing he would refuse me. It is the first time I have ever appealed to him, and if, on returning to Paris, matters are still where they were, tear open the first envelope, and carry the letter, without even showing it to Marsa, to the address on the second envelope."

The Adventure of the Russian Prince

Alva returned to her hotel, accompanied by Hugot and her maid, and on the morrow, Marsa having informed me that there had been no change in the situation, I tore open the first envelope and saw that the second was addressed with the word: "Confidential" to "Prince Orloff, Ambassador of H. M. the Emperor of all the Russias, in Paris."

I am not a novelist, and what has just been read is not a romance but an episodic reminiscence of my career, the account of an event which I am relating with many precautions, because, although it goes back twenty-three years, some of the persons who figured in it are still alive, and I have not the right to reveal their identity too clearly to the curiosity of the public. But just because it is an episodic reminiscence it ought to surprise no one if I stop now and then on my way to relate this or that incident which returns to me, and which may interest my readers, since they show, in reading me, an interest in what befalls me.

At the period in question, and of my return from Samaden, I was on very friendly terms with Prince Orloff, but the origin of these relations was almost amusing and had been indeed almost menacing.

On September 25, 1872, I passed the evening at the Élysée, then occupied by Monsieur Thiers, President of the Republic. Toward the end of the evening M. Thiers came up to me and said:

"You saw I had a long conversation at the fireplace with a Russian who is passing through Paris. This gentleman is Monsieur Timacheff, Russian Minister of the Interior. He has congratulated me warmly on the admirable results I have obtained in 'disciplining,' as he put it, the advanced Radical party in France, whose attitude had hitherto much disturbed foreigners. I was delighted with this compliment, for ever since the fall of the Commune just that has been my ardent longing, and I authorize you to use this information."

And, in fact, on the morrow this information appeared in the Times, was retelegraphed to Paris, where it made a good deal of stir, and brought down violent attacks upon Monsieur Thiers.

Three days later I was again in the same *salon*, where I once more beheld Monsieur Thiers and Monsieur Timacheff having a talk with their backs to the chimney. I waited for them to be done, but this time Monsieur Thiers, who did not look very satisfied, did not come up to me, and even pretended not to see me.

On the morrow, it was, I believe, the twenty-eighth, I passed in front of the Élysée in the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré toward 11 A.M. In front of the small entrance I saw Count Ducros, the famous prefect or ex-prefect of Lyons, standing there apparently taking notes. I greeted him and said:

"Mon Dieu, Monsieur le Comte, you appear much absorbed and I fancy you are jotting down historical notes."

"Quite so," he replied, "but since I have met you I will not continue them for the moment, but will relate to you what I was writing."

We went on into the Avenue Marigny, along the broad pavement which skirts the Élysée Palace Gardens, and he said to me, for he had an *esprit frondeur* of a rare energy, rather reactionary, and by no means always got on with Monsieur Thiers:

"Fancy, that I am tremendously amused. You related two days ago the words of flattering congratulation which Monsieur Timacheff addressed to Monsieur Thiers, and of which he was so proud. Very well, on the morrow of the day when M. Timacheff made these compliments—that is to say, the day before yesterday—Gambetta delivered at Romans in the Isère, a Radical centre, not only the most Radical speech he ever delivered, but that any one has yet delivered, proclaiming and extolling the arrival of the 'New Layers' at the surface of French social life and politics, and indicating clericalism as the enemy to be combated by the Radicals without mercy. Now, last night M. Timacheff came to the Élysée, met M. Thiers and said to him textually that he 'regretted to have been in such a hurry to tender his congratulations, that he was obliged to withdraw them, and that M. Gambetta's recent speech was a menace and a danger which would be felt not only by all men of order in France but also elsewhere!' M. Thiers thereupon became furious, retorted that M. Timacheff's words were wanting in reflection and almost turned his back upon him. I report to you this incident as deserving not to be kept in the dark."

Of course I telegraphed the thing to the Times; it was reproduced with greater eagerness than ever, and for more than a week it was the occasion of lively discussions.

M. Thiers no doubt did not recall exactly to whom he had made these confidences. He supposed I had overheard them and he sent for me to upbraid me for divulging them. I was indignant at his reproaches, and quite losing all self-control I said: "M. le President, I think that if I had the misfortune to receive at my house any one who listened to what is said there and then repeated it *urbi et orbi*, I should never let him again cross my threshold," and I went out brusquely.

I did not see him for three weeks, until I met him in one of the galleries of the National Assembly, when he came up to me, with his little rapid step, and said in his clear voice, putting out his hand: "*Allons*, Obstinate, come back to see me, for I was quite wrong to blame you for a thing you did not do, and I understand that you could not do otherwise than publish the indiscretion committed."

But M. Thiers' words were not to end the matter. Two weeks before—that is to say, a week or so after the publication of M. Timacheff's reproaches—I called on M. Olossaga, then Spanish Minister in Paris.

DRAWN BY A.E. LEYENDECKER

ALVEN WAS GIVEN ALL THE NECESSARY DETAILS

"Do you know," said he, "Orloff is furiously angry with you. He says you are conspiring against him, that you are Timacheff's friend, that Timacheff would like to have his place, and that by publishing his words you have made Timacheff the real Russian Ambassador, whereas it is he alone, he, Orloff, whose business it is to make such declarations to the head of the Government; that in any case by publishing them you gave Timacheff an importance and character which you should not have given."

"For Heaven's sake," I replied, "what do you expect me to do? I don't know M. Timacheff and I don't know personally Prince Orloff. I published these words because it was my duty to publish them."

"Do you want me to give you some advice?" said M. Olossaga. "You have only to go to see Orloff—I authorize you even to say that you do so at my advice—and explain to him confidentially the whole thing as you have just related it to me. I know him. He is touchy, and he perhaps won't fling himself into your arms; but as he is intelligent, well-bred, just and reasonable, once the first moment over, all will be cleared up."

I took his advice and that very day sent in my card to the Ambassador at the Russian Embassy. After a few moments a sort of giant, clad in the long Russian livery, came to beg me to follow him. He introduced me into a small drawing-room where Prince Orloff was. The Ambassador bade the servant wait at the door. I advanced, when the Prince burst forth in a positive explosion of indignation, charging me in loud tones with taking the side of his enemies. I felt the anger mounting to my brain, but I remained master of myself, and said to him with irony, although in a rage:

"*À la bonheur, mon Prince*, at least in your case there is no need of scratching you to find the Tartar."

The Prince remained for several moments as one astounded, then leaning over with his immense height toward my slight stature, and gazing straight into my eyes, he burst out in a roar of laughing:

"Ah, that, that's really funny!" he exclaimed, "and it is really an unexpected way of calming me."

Then, sitting down on a sofa beneath a large portrait of the Empress Catherine, he gave a sign to the *heyduck* to close the door and said:

"*Eh bien*, take a seat, and explain yourself."

A half-hour later, a little ceremoniously, however, the Prince conducted me to the top of the stairway and took leave of me, without, however, offering me his hand, a fact for which, having a good conscience, I consoled myself easily.

Toward the end of June, 1873, I was passing the evening at the Prefecture of Versailles, of which the Maréchal de MacMahon, then President of the Republic, was doing the honors, and I beheld, at a certain moment, Prince Orloff traversing the entire drawing-room and coming toward me with his hand out. We had a long talk and this time we parted the best possible friends and with a cordial handshake. Thereupon I saw him fairly often afterward, our relations growing constantly better and better and becoming really those of friends. When, in October, 1877, I attended M. Thiers' funeral, Prince Orloff, who was also there, and who had, like myself, a card giving him a place immediately behind the family, came affectionately up to me and said:

"If you like, you will remain with me and we will follow this sad ceremony together," which we did.

When, therefore, on the address of the second envelope given me by Alven I saw Prince Orloff's name, I was delighted, for I knew the intervention would be a powerful one and that my relations with the Prince would permit me to make the most of it. I hastened to go to see him. Without offering any explanations I handed to him Alven's voluminous missive. When he had opened it and looked at the signature he said to me with a voice full of emotion:

"Ah, you come on the part of a man who is as dear to me as any one in this world outside of my family, but I see that the letter is very long. I should like to read it with reflection, whatever it may contain, and we will talk about it to-morrow if you will come back then."

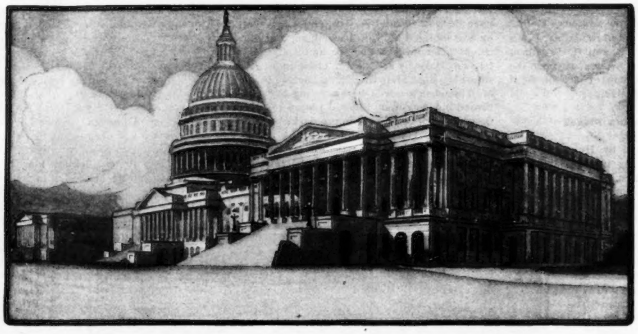
This I did. He was much troubled.

"I will do all that it is possible for a man to do," said he, "all which is not contrary to my absolute duty, all, and I am ready to this end to have a talk with you."

(*Concluded on Page 16*)

MEN AND MEASURES

CONGRESS CONVENES. THE PRESIDENT'S ADDED POWER AND PRESTIGE. THE MORE STATESMANLIKE TONE OF HIS MESSAGE.



By **Charles Emory Smith**

THE meeting of Congress is always an event of interest. It is quite the unreflecting fashion to speak sneeringly of the presence of Congress, as if it were a calamity. Sometimes it really excites apprehension, when it raises doubts or creates uncertainty or enacts false policies. The course of history and the progress of society are not always even and onward. The tide ebbs and flows. But, unless government is a mistake and legislation an evil and its machinery an offense, the constant cynical sneer is stultification.

But whether welcomed or dreaded the coming of Congress always enchains attention. It is both a spectacle and an idea. The assembling of the representatives of eighty millions of Americans and the reopening of the legislative machinery of the greatest Republic of history are never without significance and moment. If it is the old Congress it meets with the renewed strength of fresh indorsement in the elections just over, or with the rebuke and paralysis of condemnation. If it is a new Congress it meets with the new possibilities and opportunities.

The present Congress reassembles for the short session under conditions very different from those of a year ago. Then the country had just sustained a shock the effects of which were still undetermined. A new President had come in under the most trying and difficult circumstances. How he would handle the helm, how he would work with Congress, how he would grapple the great problems of the nation—all this was still uncertain. His unique and robust personality was known, but not his methods, his tact and his adaptability under the new and tremendous responsibilities. Would he *fill* the great chair? Would his temperament harmonize with the other forces of government? Would he be a true leader, with poise and restraint as well as with energy and power?

A year of striking administration has answered these questions. Individuality is stamped all over the work of the twelvemonth, but it is an individuality gradually but rapidly toned to the conditions without losing its character or its strength. A year ago President Roosevelt was an experiment. To-day he is a master. Then he was on probation. Now he has won approbation. Then President and Congress were looking at each other askance. Now they are looking at each other with understanding and confidence. Then Congress met with an interrogation point as to the future. Now it meets with an exclamation of triumph.

A Leadership Established and Undisputed

The two Houses come together after the most emphatic success in any mid-Presidential election since Jackson's time, save in the abnormal war and reconstruction period. The general public satisfaction with existing conditions was the foundation of this sweeping and remarkable success which extended over the whole contested portion of the country. But all observers agree, friend and foe alike, that President Roosevelt was the powerful individual factor in the result. It was emphatically *his* victory. It was his popularity—the popular admiration of his quality and the popular approval of his attitude and policy—that swelled the tide.

This fact gives the President a dominant position, not merely as President but as party chieftain. His leadership is established and undisputed. With the people behind him he has power to make the party policy. A year ago it was a question what Congress would do with him. Now it is measurably a question what he will do with Congress. Not in any complete or in any offensive sense, for Congress has its traditions and its pride, and the sway of any President depends on the tact and judgment with which he wields his sceptre.

And it is an interesting truth—a truth which assures his enduring influence—that the stronger President Roosevelt's position becomes the more discreet, judicious and skillful he is in his methods. This shows how quick he is to learn. It shows how he profits by experience. Instead of becoming more peremptory and imperative with increased power, he is more considerate and prudent. The tone of his second message is plainly different from that of his first. It is less dogmatic and more persuasive. Though better armed with popular support and demonstrated strength to enforce his views on Congress, he is less assertive and more politic.

The same higher perception and sagacity appear in his conferences with public men. There have been Presidents who never learned that the art of government consists in mutual understanding through mutual deference. It was one of the great sources of President McKinley's strength as a leader and ruler that he had served so long in Congress, and perfectly understood its temper and how to deal with it. President Roosevelt came to the chair without Congressional experience, and it would not have been strange if he had failed to appreciate the limitations of his office and the importance of concurrent understanding. But with an aptitude that is remarkable when associated with such commanding personality, he has learned the lesson which some of his predecessors never learned. He is not less positive in his views, but they are broader in grasp and less mandatory in expression.

The President's Added Temperance and Wisdom

The growth of the year is obvious and the fruits of experience show the capacity of greatness. From every point of view President Roosevelt's second message is an interesting and suggestive study. His first message was altogther unique and thoroughly original. It was constructed on entirely different lines from the usual executive communication to Congress. Casting aside the old stereotyped recital of routine affairs, it was largely a series of monographs on exigent questions, partly political and partly sociological. The second message is a marked improvement on the first as a state paper. It preserves the same original character, but it is less academic and didactic. It is less the essay of the teacher and philosopher and more the discussion of the statesman.

The first feature which impresses the thoughtful reader is its temperate and conservative spirit. The President is so strong in his convictions and so earnest and ardent in their ordinary utterance that this moderation challenges attention. It reveals the tempering and restraining influence of his great responsibilities. It shows the effect of the lessons of experience to which reference has been made. Beyond that it may fairly be said that the moderating influences of wholesome counsel are discernible. There is no man in Washington, in Cabinet or in Congress, who could or would put as much energy and power and virile leadership in progressive policy and national ethics as President Roosevelt; but there are veteran chiefs who are wise in experience, and the fusion of the ardor of the one and the counsel of the others makes a great political and moral uplift. It needed the inspiration and determination of the new leader to grasp new opportunities and duties, and perhaps out of the conservative restraint of the old leaders comes the modified and practical movement which carries the country forward.

There has been no other President who would lead a message with such an exordium as President Roosevelt writes for his introduction. It has a tone of high and almost exultant nationalism. It strikes a note of lofty and triumphant jubilation. Though we should hardly expect such a pæan from any other executive, it seems fit and appropriate coming from President Roosevelt. He has for many years been the evangel of robust manhood, of exalted citizenship and of aspiring nationality. The distinguishing characteristic of his utterances has been their ethical and didactic quality. Through his earlier years he was within his sphere a sedulous apostle of manly and moral culture, and now he is not only President but a great national teacher of the rugged and heroic virtues. The influence of his teaching and example on the youth of the country and on all its political and business life is incalculable.

The exordium of his message is entirely in harmony with the prevailing note of his constant instruction. There is something stimulating and exhilarating in his simple but elevated portraiture of the Republic and its rôle. "Our place must be great among the nations. We may either fail greatly or succeed greatly; but we cannot avoid the endeavor from which either great failure or great success must come. Even if we could, we cannot play a small part. If we should try, all that would follow would be that we should play a large part ignobly and shamefully." That is a great truth compactly stated. It is enkindling and touches all that is worthy in American fibre. It matches the whole nature of President Roosevelt, whose militant spirit and courageous faith make him the typical embodiment of aggressive and progressive Americanism.

Another feature of the message engages attention, and that is the marked advance in the President's literary style. Just as his speeches show great progress in power of sustained utterance and in faculty of expression, so the message, which is a carefully prepared paper for reading and not speaking, discloses improvement in finished composition. The President has always written with great lucidity and force in simple, strong Saxon words, and his books, such as the biographies of Gouverneur Morris and Thomas Benton and Oliver Cromwell, and The Strenuous Life, have a sinewy strength which impresses the reader. But the message, though addressed to cold topics of state with less scope for adornment and imagination, suggests the finer literary quality which approaches the classic form. It exhibits a power of terse, incisive, epigrammatic writing which the President has not before shown in any such degree. This involves close and high thinking, as well as close writing, and indicates intellectual development as well as literary advance. There are sentences in the message which stand out as shining apothegms, and the general discussion has a conciseness and a logical compactness which are quite admirable.

A Sane, Conservative Treatment of Public Issues

But after all, though these are points which attract and interest the observer, the important feature of the message is the sane and conservative treatment of public issues. The President makes no extreme or radical recommendations. He does not falter in his well-known views or recede from the ground he has taken; but he engages in the discussion with an equipoise and sobriety which exhibit a thoroughly just spirit, and he recognizes that the highest attainable good is the good which should be sought. It is plain he realizes that to accomplish his aims he must coöperate with Congress. He looks at all sides; he presents his positions as expedient, reasonable and right; and he relies upon their manifest wisdom to secure their acceptance.

This is a tone which appeals to Congress and which is calculated to commend the object to its favor. It is no abnegation of leadership and no wavering in the strong, bold advance which was undertaken and which has received the sanction of popular approval. It is only the truer poise which comes from experience and the surer method which comes from comparison of view. It is no more the influence of counsel than the fruit of the President's own enlarged observation. With a year's survey of the field he has gained a surer conception not only of the end to be reached but of the way of reaching it.

The union of high purpose with sagacious method which springs from reflection and conference deepens public confidence and strengthens the President's hold on public support. It removes any apprehension of radical and impulsive action without impairing the assurance of steady and lofty aim. The growth of the President in the sober and abiding judgment of the country is one of the most instructive and inspiring facts of the day. He came in with public sympathy in his trying

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position; with faith in his fibre; with admiration for his dash and vigor and manhood; with high hope, but with reserved judgment as to his full measure of practical skill and complete success in a great place with great demands. He stands to-day strong and sure in the tested and deliberate approval of the nation.

The two chief topics of the message are the regulation of trusts and the revision of the tariff, and the progressive yet conservative spirit of the President is illustrated in both. The President does not oppose combinations. He recognizes the tendency in this direction as a necessary evolution of modern industrial development. But he sees that evils have grown up with this movement, as every other candid observer sees them. He sees that in some cases there is over-capitalization with its natural consequences; there is tendency to monopoly; there is restriction of competition; there is unfair discrimination. What he aims at is such regulation as will prevent these abuses without impairing the efficiency of the organization in its rightful and legitimate sphere.

This is not destructive but conservative. In reality it is in the interest of the corporations themselves as well as of the people; for, in the language of the President himself, it means just evolution instead of revolution. From the first the President plainly saw what he wanted, and if at first he was uncertain as to the way to get it he only shared the perplexity of others. It is a delicate and difficult problem, and involves many considerations of constitutional power and effective method. Any measure that may be tried must in a sense be tentative. What the President exhibited in his earlier discussions was a clear perception of the need, and what he shows in his message is a rational sense of the practical way of reaching it. His treatment is temperate, and instead of undertaking to prescribe a specific measure, he defines the object and leaves the method, which must be experimental, to be worked out.

He handles the tariff in the same sensible way. There are those who would leave it untouched and who insist that it must not be modified under any circumstances. There are those who would tear it to pieces. The President stands with neither extreme. He is equally against "fossilization" and against destruction. He is a protectionist, but not hide-bound. He holds that the protective principle which underlies the tariff must be maintained as the bulwark and defense of American industry; he believes that economic stability, security against frequent and disturbing changes, is the prime economic necessity of the country. But, just as modifications of rates have been made from time to time as changed conditions have warranted and required, so, in his judgment, further modifications are admissible and advisable as further changes in the conditions of production suggest.

How this shall be done is a question for Congress. The President's own preference would be for a commission of experts who should make an impartial and scientific examination of the subject from the standpoint of business interests, and report the results to Congress; but he is not tenacious as to the method. The main thing is to keep pace with enlightened opinion and with changing conditions. A working system of reciprocity would answer much the same purpose as a tariff readjustment.

Such are the executive indications and influences which go to an opening session where the Speaker is the remnant of an expiring term, where the Speaker of the next Congress stands on the floor with the halo of coming power, where the House will be shaded with the rivalry for committee places, and where the Senate will find occasion for enhancing its steadily augmenting strength while the House is marking time. The executive positions are taken; the legislative positions are yet to be developed.

THE BEGGARS' CLUB

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

Author of "By Bread Alone," Etc.

California Cox and the Beggars' Union

—"SITS ON A CAMP-STOOL, PLAYING THE ACCORDION"

"GENTS," began Sam the Scribe when the club members had assembled, "California Cox and his dog Mike is in town. I ain't seen Cox in years, and I almost fell over to-day when I caught sight of Cox and his dog on the corner, playing their same old game. He's got the greatest dog alive—ain't another one like him anywheres. Smart as a man, that dog! The 'California' trained him. Spent a year eddicatin' him and now the dog is paying it back."

"What's his game?" asked Pete the Squealer.

"Cox plays blind," answered Sam, "wearing his sign and all; sits on a camp-stool, playing the accordion, an' the dog Mike dances around on his hind legs until a crowd comes; then he barks, snatches the hat from Cox's head and passes it around. If that dog comes along to some one that won't drop coin in the hat he just lays down and cries, and the crowd laughs at the tight-fist and the next feller is kind of shamed into giving up. Well, I watched the dog and Cox at work for a while, and it made me sick to see the coin rolling and rolling into that old hat of his. And so easy, too! I reckon the mint don't drop coin no easier. Now I've made up a scheme for separating Cox from his dog, and if the club will stand by me and do what I say we can begin work to-morrow and get Mike Cox the day after."

On the following morning, in accordance with the instructions received from Sam, the members of the Club gathered on the corner preëmpted by California Cox and his dog Mike.

After enjoining each member not to forget his part in the plot, Sam left his comrades and approached Cox, a huge fellow, all bone and muscle, who sat peacefully playing his accordion, to the droning measures of which his trick dog Mike was prancing about on his hind legs, holding the rim of his master's hat in his mouth.

A large black sign, painted in white letters, hung across the broad chest of the mendicant, warning the world that the wearer was blind, but Sam, refusing to heed the signal, stepped up to him boldly.

"Hello, Cox!" he said. "Do you remember me?"

"I don't remember yer voice," said Cox, "an' I can't see yer face."

"I wrote your first blind letter for you. Do you remember me now? I'm Sam the Scribe."

"I paid yer fer de letter; what more does yer want? Interest maybe?"

"Oh, nothing," came from Sam. "I've got a paying job now as President of the Amalgamated Beggars' Union."

"Never heard ef dat yet," growled Cox.

"Of course not. It's something new; but you'll hear of it soon. Have you got a membership card?"

"No, an' I ain't a-goin' ter git none neither."

"I'LL MAKE YER INTER PLASTER TER FILL IT"

"Then quit work, Cox, before the Union runs you out of business. You're a scab!"

"Sam, youse up ter yer tricks. I knows yer."

"Good-by, Cox, I'm off. The delegation will be around here in a few minutes."

"Hol' on a minute, Sam," bawled Cox; "is dis straight?"

"Straight as a pin," replied Sam. "We're incorporated regularly, according to the law of the State, and we've got our charter. It will cost you two dollars to join and you'll have to give up the dog. Rule number one prohibits the use of all animals and the begging of all children under fourteen years of age."

"Afore I gives up dat dorg," thundered Cox, springing to his feet and grasping his heavy stick, "I'll see youse an' yer Union in a place where de North Pole would burn fer kindlin'."

"Good-by," shouted Sam, out of reach, "I've warned you; I've done the best I could. You'll be whipped so that your own dog wouldn't know you from a lump of mud."

"An' if I ketches yer near dis corner again," roared Cox, "I'll make yer look like whipped eggs, ready ter go inside ef a cake."

Not five minutes had gone by before the Beggars' Club advanced toward Cox in a body of the whole, with Sam for spokesman.

"Here's the delegation I promised," began Sam, keeping out of reach of the huge fellow's fist and stick.

"Show yer card!" went up the cry, "er git out."

"I'll give dis crowd all de cards what it wants!" yelled Cox, springing to his feet irately, grasping his dog Mike in his arm (it was always his first movement, being along the lines of self-preservation) and reaching down for his stout stick; but the weapon was gone, being now the property of Foxy Basket, who intended to wield it against its legitimate owner.

Singling out Foxy and the stick, Cox made for them with a sudden spring, punching and kicking his way through the intercepting crowd of beggars, who dodged his powerful blows, running and screaming. A second or two thereafter, when a crowd had collected to learn the cause of the trouble, every separate member of the club had made good his escape, including the triumphant and grinning Foxy, waving his spoils of the battle.

"See here," said a policeman, pushing his way through the mass of people toward Cox, "what fer is this disturbince, Oi'd like ter know?"

"A gang of hobos has jist been aroun' here," puffed out the breathless Cox, "tryin' ter make trouble an' sayin' I'd have ter join der Union er——"

"Oi can't have no more av this," interrupted the bluecoat, "Union er no Union, phwat do yer serpose Oi care? This disturbince av order an' public traffic ain't a-goin' ter do. You move on now er Oi'll be after a-runnin' yer in."

Almost blinded, in all truth, by wrath, swearing and mumbling to himself, Cox folded his camp-stool and his accordion, tied his dog to its chain, and went in quest of green fields and corners new. Sam, who had remained behind to listen to the dialogue between the officer and Cox (it had all happened as he had foreseen and planned), approached the wandering mendicant, and asked, with a broad grin on his smug face:

"Well, Cox, did you show the cop your card?"

Cox gave his answer by making a swift lunge for Sam, dropping his camp-stool and accordion during the operation, but holding on to his dog tightly. Sam had the advantage, which he did not scorn to use, of a smaller body and swifter legs, and he made good his escape. Pete the Squealer calmly picked up the accordion, Shirtless Sam seized the camp-stool, while Hungry Henry yelled:

"Yer kin git dese back when yer joins de Union."

California Cox, giving vent to his feelings in language fitter for wrath than publication, continued his search for an advantageous corner. "I'll have ter stop," he muttered to himself, "an' buy a new accordion, fer de dorg won't do his turn without de music, an' a new camp-stool besides, which'll come ter more'n dat —— Union card in de fust place."

Finally he selected his corner, one which was a mile or two removed from the scene of his previous operations, put his camp-stool in its place against the electric-light post; tested his new accordion, and settled down to business with a vengeance, hoping to make up for lost time. Mike balanced his lithe body on his hind legs to seize his master's hat and pass it through the crowd of mere noonday idlers and of busy people who stopped for a second's amusement on their way from one task to another. The grateful sound of the coin jingling in Mike's hat was just beginning to appease the master's wrath, when Blind Bill yelled out, high and clear above the notes of the droning accordion:

"Say, fellers, dat scab Cox is tryin' his old flim-flam on de public ag'in."

"He's a sly one," replied Lame Tom from the fringe of another group. "I bet yer he ain't so blind but what he kin tell the head from de tail end ef every coin in de hat."

"I knowed him in Cal——" Foxy Basket started, but he did not stop to finish his observation, for the burly beggar had jumped from his camp-stool, grabbing his dog first, and darted in the direction of the disturbers, not in the least particular which one he should succeed in capturing first.

The three, running pell-mell down the street, put an increasing distance between themselves and their pursuer; while the onlookers were convulsed with laughter at the strange sight of California Cox, his breast still adorned by the sign advertising his blindness, moving so unerringly and swiftly (Mike in arm) past truck and car and horse, tearing like mad with unerring vision after the three hobos, discernible

now by their tattered garments alone. Cox returned, empty-handed, out of breath and of temper, to face the banter of a throng increased to tremendous proportions by the laughter and the uproar.

California Cox had a good control of his rage when necessity held the reins of it, and turning a deaf ear to the jeering of the street wits he pushed his way to the electric-light post only to find himself minus another accordion and another camp-stool. To increase his agony—the elements are as merciless to the mendicant as to the millionaire, and it never rains but it pours—another policeman was at hand, now that the disturbance was over, to bid him move on or to rest in jail.

"It's jist a gang ef hobos an' der fake Union," Cox tried to explain.

"Union or no Union," said the bluecoat, "Oi ain't a-goin' ter stand fer no disturbince the loikes av this. It's somethin' else Oi have ter be doin' besides watchin' hobos an' settlin' their disputes."

California Cox, perplexed, bedeviled, knowing not what to do nor whither to turn, bent his steps to his lodging-house in the slums, counting that day lost, the low-descending sun seeing him poorer than when it arose, and he resolved to make some one (he sent up a prayer that it might be Sam the Scribe) meet the deficit.

II

THE Beggars' Club met as usual that night at McQuinn's, so elated and pleased by what it had done during the day that the usual order of business was suspended and the time given over to the discussion of each member's share in the first steps of the plot to divorce California Cox from his dog Mike. The laughter was so loud, the screams of merriment so deafening that McQuinn left his retreat behind the bar and threatened to turn the club out of doors.

"I tell you," said Sam the Scribe, when McQuinn's warning had restored order, "Cox will be in here before another hour is over to take out a card and join the Union. He's figured out that he can't do business without our permission and this day's trifling has cost him more than ——"

"He'll kill the hull gang ef us," interrupted Loony Louis, arising. "I'm goin' ter clean!"

"An' meh! An' meh! An' meh!" shouted the others, following suit.

"Keep your seats, gents," ordered Sam authoritatively. "I know Cox and his ways. He'll sue for peace; he's too greedy for money to spoil our noses just to spite his own."

There was the light swing of the outer screen doors, the bark of a dog, a heavy footstep across the floor; and the Beggars' Club turned to a man.

"There he is now," said Sam, "sure enough."

Leading his dog by a chain, a new and still heavier stick in his hand, the huge figure of California Cox wended its way to the centre of the club's charmed circle. There was a broad smile on his face, which somehow suggested art rather than the spontaneity of nature.

"We've been expecting you," said Sam calmly.

"Yer have, has yer?" grinned Cox, extending his hand as a sign of truce, towering head and shoulders above the Scribe, looking as if he could have crushed him without effort between his thumb and his forefinger. "Well, Sam, old feller," he went on, still smiling, "I come ter take out a card."

"Here's the card," said Sam, handing him a piece of pasteboard on which was written in red ink:

> The bearer, California Cox, is hereby permitted to beg on the streets of this city according to the laws and regulations of the Amalgamated Association of Union Beggars; the said Cox being a legitimate member of the body aforesaid and entitled to all of its privileges.
>
> (Signed) Sam the Scribe, Sec. and Treas.

"HERE'S THE DELEGATION I PROMISED"

"How much did yer say dat was?" asked Cox, slowly spelling out the words of the writing.

"Two dollars," replied Sam.

"What! Two dollars fer dat bit ef pasteboard!" rejoined Cox. "It didn't cost no two cents."

"I know," said Sam, "but it's not the card yer payin' for; it's the privilege to beg undisturbed."

"It's de first time in all meh life dat I ever heard ef a man payin' ter beg," objected Cox.

"Times is changed, Cox."

"I should say," he glared; "dere's no sich thing as freedom in Amerikee no more. An' here's another thing; dat card don't say nothin' 'bout meh dorg Mike. Is Mike in de Union—de Union ef (glancing at the card) Amalega Beggars?"

"Amalgamated," corrected Sam suavely. "No, he ain't; it's against the Union laws, as I explained to you in the first place, to employ animals or children under fourteen."

"Why fer?"

"Well, the Union is trying to save skilled American labor from the competition of cheap Dago beggars and their monkeys; and to put a stop to children taking the bread out of grown-up folks' mouths—that's why."

"That's a pretty law, dat is! It's a reg'lar beaut'—it ought ter wear a diamond collar 'round its neck. What kin I do without de dorg? I spent a hull year a-trainin' him."

"I'm sorry, Cox, but ——"

"I don't care a yeller hair off ef Mike's yeller back if you're sorry er glad es kin be!" he replied, his anger getting the better of him for the minute. "I'll leave fer California ag'in afore I gives up Mike."

"It's the same there, Cox; the Union has branches all over."

"I'll see de branches an' de main tree turn inter blue grass afore I gives up Mike. Dat dorg is wuth from five ter ten dollars a day anywheres."

"Holy Gee!" exclaimed Hungry Henry, "an' him only a dorg."

Sam lifted a warning finger; quiet reigned in the clubroom again. "I've had my say, Cox; the law is the law."

"An' bunco is bunco," yelled Cox, "an' I'm going to start work right here to-morrow morning. And if youse fellers bother me again I'm going to make hash out ef de whole crowd, ef it costs me ninety days. Do you hear? I've a mind ter start in right now!" And he showed his willingness to begin work by swinging his heavy stick.

"All right," replied Sam, still cool, despite the consternation of those around him, "you want war, and you can have war. We just gave you a taste of the power of the Amalgamated to-day; look out for to-morrow! But you had better keep good-natured and part friends with the gang; this is only business on our part."

"It's mighty bad business all de same," said Cox, leaving the place in an ominous wrath.

III

TWO whole days passed and Californaia Cox went the usual tenor of his way without let or hindrance from any member of the club. The quiet was too quiet to put Cox entirely at his ease; he would have liked some slight disturbance, if only to prove that the club and Sam were doing their worst and that this worst was feeble at its best. The lull predicted a tornado that would break too suddenly to allow him to creep under shelter.

Cox's soul was prophetic; for Sam was by no means idle. Angry that he had been humiliated before his fellows and bearded in his own den, the Scribe went to the unusual length of spending his own money to wreak vengeance. It was he who wrote out and paid for the advertisement, printed in three of the dailies, reading: "California Cox, the celebrated blind beggar, wishes to purchase five yellow dogs. Good price paid for the right parties. Apply at his stand, corner of B and C Streets, Wednesday morning at ten."

"That will give Cox two days to think nothing is wrong," explained Sam to his comrades, "and you fellows want to keep away from him or you will spoil it all. Meet me on Wednesday morning and we'll have that dog or my name ain't Sam."

As early as 9:30 on Wednesday morning the members of the club assembled at Cox's corner, watching, in silent satisfaction, the number of yellow dogs increase as the minutes went on. Loony Louis and Deaf Dan and Blind Bill and Lame Tom and Sam himself had each a yellow cur under his arm; but these five canines were mere dots in the growing sea of yellow.

No one would have believed that the populous city sheltered so many dogs of that one hue. There were boys there with yellow dogs, men with yellow dogs, women with yellow dogs and girls with yellow dogs; all, it is true, were not particular about the difference of a shade or two in color, and many of the canines might have passed muster for brown, and some few for black; but since the advertiser was blind and a beggar, the owners argued that he could not detect the deceit, and if he did, beggars not being choosers, he ought not to complain. There were big dogs and small dogs,

"I'D LIKE TER KNOW FER WHAT"

St. Bernards and pugs, bulldogs and fox-terriers—every breed of dog that showed a streak of yellow within or a dab of yellow without.

Long before the patient Cox refused to purchase yellow dogs from clamorous owners who wished to sell, he began to scent mischief and he knew from what evil quarter the bad odor came. When the thirteenth man came along with the thirteenth dog, and Cox had said, "No, go along wid yer dorg," for the thirteenth time (always an unlucky number), he lost his temper and he swore he would cuff the fourteenth. The fourteenth happened to be more stalwart of frame and more persistent in character than any of his predecessors, and he urged and urged the superior points of his yellow dog over all others, until the persecuted Cox flew into a rage and struck at him and the fancier struck back, and all of the thirteen others who had been refused and those without number who feared they would have their trouble for their pains pitched in and went tooth and nail for Cox and his assailant, not knowing one from the other.

"Now's our time at last," whispered Sam the Scribe to his band of conspirators, and they rushed in, yelling and screaming, and the mob, following suit, rushed in with them, so that there was nothing but a tangle of yellow dogs and men and boys and women and girls. That corner never witnessed such a pandemonium, and it is much to be doubted if it will ever witness another.

"Take Cox's dog and tie yours in its place to the post," yelled Sam to Hungry Henry. And Henry did as he was bade in no more time than it took to do the bidding.

"Kill him! Stop thief! He's takin' Mike, meh dorg!" thundered Cox, freeing himself at last with one supreme effort from the mixture of dogs and men that were pinioning his arms, caving his ribs and snapping at his big calves.

"I'll choke yer!" roared Cox, striding for Hungry Henry; but Henry, with a calm grin, wheeled suddenly, and passed Mike Cox on to Blind Bill, who, handing him his own poor yellow cur in return, tossed the pride of Cox's heart to Lame Tom, who, tossing his cur back to Bill, whirled Mike Cox through the air to Loony Louis, who formed the connecting link between Deaf Dan and Lame Tom.

So bewildered was California Cox by the manœuvre that he paused as if paralyzed, unable to tell his own carefully bred and trained animal from the continual whirl of yellow tails and backs and legs of worthless curs that went barking and yelping from the hands of one of the conspirators into the hands of the other; and to make matters worse, if that were possible, the crowd was adding to his bewilderment and their own amusement by flinging their own unsalable mongrels into the maze started by the beggars. Even two officers of the law who had come to make arrests remained to burst their sides with laughter.

California Cox, recovering from his paralysis as suddenly as he had been seized by it, let forth a demoniac yell and made a mad dash for Deaf Dan at the moment when he thought his dog Mike, traveling through the circuit, had landed in Dan's extended hands.

"I'll pound yer inter a ball smaller en de dorg!" roared Cox.

"Join the Union," yelled Dan in return, starting to run.

The officers, seeing the time for interference had come, regained their lost gravity and seized both Cox and Deaf Dan.

"He's got meh dorg!" gasped Cox; "arrest him."

"It ain't his dog, it's mine," retorted Dan. "He advertised to buy it and now he's scheming to get it for nothing."

"Clear out!" ordered the bluecoats; "take your curs and get away from this or we'll pull for the patrol and run the mob av yese in."

"But it's meh dorg—meh trick dorg, meh Mike!" yelled Cox, beside himself.

"Well, thin," said one of the police, "take another and go home. You don't ixpict us to be a-pickin' out yer yiller dog from this howling bunch, do yer? Grab one an' git out av this, an' be quick er Oi'll run yer in an' sind ye over."

The members of the club scattered in every direction, one one way, one another, in order that they might confuse Cox if he should start in pursuit. When Sam the Scribe took enough courage to pause and look around, he saw Deaf Dan and Loony Louis racing side by side along the ground, the huge figure of Cox but a few yards behind. Suddenly Dan and Louis changed dogs and parted their ways. Cox, borrowing speed from rage, hurtled after Louis, gaining on the trembling beggar with every step; in his confusion Louis flung the coveted prize on the ground, hoping that Cox might be so overwhelmed by the recovery of his favorite that he would give up the chase and let him escape; but the California giant, swooping down on the yellow cur that fell from Louis' terrorized arm, gave vent to a yell of despair, and then, doubling his pace, flew down the alley into which the trembling Louis had turned.

Heartless and hopeless, for a reason unknown even to himself, seeing no other loophole, the wretched Louis opened the cover of an empty ash-box and plunged himself, ostrich-like, head foremost into its depths. Cox saw the strategem, tore the cover open and hauled Louis out by the nape of his neck.

"Didn't yer git yer dorg?" whimpered Louis.

"Yes, I got meh dorg," hissed Cox, tightening his hold.

"I'm glad ef it," whined Louis; "I did meh best ter take him fer yer!"

"Yer did, eh? Well, I 'preciate yer efforts. Take dis an' take dat for meh thanks; but since yer didn't take de right dorg, take dis an' take dat for meh regrits. Don't scream, 'cause dey're too light. I'll make 'em harder an' harder."

"Hold on," moaned Louis; "maybe I kin git de right dorg back from Sam; he knows——"

Cox ceased his blows for a second, considering. "No, yer don't," he muttered; "one trick'll do meh fer to-day. Youse is a slippery lot, an' I'll take de grease out ef yer one by one, as I get yer! Take dis fer de Amalega Association ef combined double-dealers, an' here's an extree nice one fer yerself."

"Look behind yer, Cox!" yelled Louis suddenly, his wits growing stronger as his strength decreased. "The cops is comin'."

California Cox, for whom the word "cop" had an ominous ring, releasing his grip on Louis, turned to look, and found that nothing but a long vista of alley met his frightened gaze. Louis seized advantage of that moment as if it comprised the rest of his life and he spurted down the alley at a rate with which his legs, inspired by a lesson and a warning, had never moved before. It was the vengeance of one man staked against the life and limb of another, and baffled vengeance, in the shape of Cox, found itself looking at the top of a fence over which the terrorized Louis had leaped.

"I've a-traveled thru dis country from California ter Maine," murmured Cox, compelled to admiration, "but dose fellers takes de blue ribbon fer work along deir line. If Mike wasn't gone I'd give up an' steer clear of deir district; but I'll get Mike back to-night at McQuinn's or I'll turn Sam de Scribe inter insect powder."

IV

LOONY LOUIS was barely able to crawl into McQuinn's that night to attend the hasty consultation of the Beggars' Club.

"Never mind," consoled Mollbuzzer, looking commiseratingly at Louis' bandaged eye and arm and neck; "it'll help you considerably in begging."

"I'm a-telling youse," mumbled Louis in return, "dat only for dat fence meh beggin' days would be over. Oh, but she was a pretty jump! A man kin only do dat onct in his life, an' in de mornin' I'm goin' ter crawl aroun' dere an' look at de fence ag'in an' study how I done it."

"Never mind, Louis," smiled Sam the Scribe, "one twenty-fifth interest in the dog is yours. When Cox comes around to-night you can——"

"I'm goin' right now," exclaimed Louis. "You don't ketch meh anywheres near him where dere ain't a fence aroun' an' a high one. He's a most terruble feller! Good-night, gents." And no amount of persuasion could prevail upon Louis to be at hand to greet Cox.

"Does yer think he'll come, Sam, sure enough?" asked Hungry Henry.

"We got the dog, ain't we?" asked Sam by way of answer.

"Which of the two dorgs is Mike Cox?" asked One-armed Jake.

Crutch McAllister pointed to the larger of the two dogs.

"No, it ain't!" yelled Mollbuzzer; "it's de other one."

Sam eyed the two dogs for a few minutes and scratched his head. "Mollbuzzer is right," said he; "it's the smaller one."

—DOUBLING HIS PACE, FLEW DOWN THE ALLEY

"Well," said Deaf Dan, "we got mixed up in the shuffle of yellow dogs and so we carried away two."

"That was right," asserted Sam; "it's always best to be sure." He was by no means sure himself, but he dared not say so. Sam remained lost in thought for a second or two. "Put Mike, the little dog, inside of the box against the wall, and put the big dog outside in the barrel," ordered he.

Sam's command had scarcely been complied with when the screen doors were flung open and California Cox entered.

Sam's heart fell when he saw that Cox's face, somber and hard set, wore no semblance of even a pretended friendship; and for the first time he feared that in the flush of victory he had overestimated his own powers and the sacrifices that Cox would make for the sake of peace.

"Well," started California Cox, laying his stick down on the table with a thump, "I don't see de cadger I laid hold ef dis afternoon, an' I wants ter see him bad. I hates ter leave a job half done an' I wants ter put de finishin' touches on ter him. But you'll do in his place, Sam," he shouted, wheeling suddenly and grasping the Scribe by the throat. "You'll do ter begin on, den I'll lay out de others. Dey kin choose turns."

The members, without the waste of a second's time, made for the back door, the front door and the windows, each picturing himself in Sam's place, and none of them liking the picture.

"I'd like ter help Sam," said Foxy Basket, on the run, "an' so I would ef I was made out ef Injee-rubber. Poor Sam: what good is all his learnin' an' eddication now?"

McQuinn, seeing the peril in which Sam stood, left his bar and swaggered up to Cox. "See here," he said, doubling his fist, "I ain't goin' ter have nothin' like dis goin' on in meh place."

"It's yer place, is it?" asked Cox, holding Sam by his left hand, freeing his right.

"It is," replied McQuinn, "an' it ain't big enuff fer ter hold both ef us."

"Den one ef us gets out," shouted Cox, landing a blow on the proprietor's chin that sent him to the floor, dazed and useless for combat.

"Now, Sam," muttered Cox, jamming the Scribe against the wall, "I'm ready ter give yer meh free an' undivided attention. Dere's a hole in de wall, I sees; an' I don't know but what I'll make yer inter plaster ter fill it. Yer'd make a smooth grade ef plaster, wouldn't yer, eh?" he asked, twisting Sam's ear until he shrieked from pain. "Yer agrees ter de propersition, I sees. Well, we'll let it hang fire fer a minute until we finds Mike."

"He's in the box there," gasped the Scribe, white as the material into which Cox threatened to turn him.

"A nice place fer him, eh? Inside ef a box! Wanted ter suffocate him, eh? I'll take him out fust an' put yer in aterwards. Yer needn't yell wid fear; I'll see dat yer fits."

With such gentle speech did Cox throw rather than drag the palpitating mass which was Sam over to the box, and holding the Scribe with his left hand he threw the cover of the soap-box off with his right.

California Cox let forth a war-cry that awoke the Scribe from his dumb terror and threw him into an active state of pain, the like of which he had never experienced before.

"So yer *would* palm dat miserable yaller cur off fer meh Mike, would yer? Still up ter yer tricks, eh? Tricks is natural ter yer, eh? Yer'd make a fine trick dorg yerself, yer would. I'm goin' ter learn yer ater a while; but afore we begins yer eddication bring out Mike Cox, or I'm afraid dere won't be blood enough left ter supply yer tricky brain."

"He's in the barrel outside—near the back door," moaned Sam. "I put him in there."

"In a barrul, eh? Put him in dere same as if he was merlasses. Mighty nice ef yer, dat was! I'll do de same by yer. I'll put yer in, a little bit at a time. I'll label it Amalga Union an' roll it inter de river," he commented tenderly as he dragged and bumped and thumped Sam into the yard.

"Mike, oh Mike," called California Cox, and then he whistled. There came an answering bark through the darkness of the littered yard.

In the excitement of finding his long-lost treasure—one might almost say his long-lost child, so dear and necessary had that dog become to his existence—Cox forgot Sam and rushed for the barrel. The Scribe, in his excitement forgetting Cox, crawled through the yard and into the saloon on all fours, like a cat.

Not two seconds thereafter Cox rushed into the saloon carrying the dog in his arms, but when the rays of light from the oil lamp fell on the yellow bundle, curled closely against his broad chest, he flung it away with an oath of surprise.

"It ain't Mike!" he yelled. "Mike had a small white star on his head!"

"Maybe Sam stole the star," whimpered McQuinn, shaking in his boots, supporting his wrenched chin on his hand.

California Cox caught sight of Sam the Scribe stealing past the front window of the saloon, and he was at the threshold with a leap, only to bump squarely against the form of Loony Louis, who was fondling a small yellow dog and peeping into the saloon timidly.

"Don't yer kill meh, Cox," pleaded Louis, seeing the utter impossibility of escape; "I jist come here on purpose fer ter bring yer de dorg back."

"It's Mike Cox an' no mistake dis time," cried Cox with delight. He loosened his grasp on Louis' bandaged neck.

"I don't git killed den?" asked Louis hopefully.

"No," answered Cox; "I guess I hammered yer enough fer one day, an' seein' yer brung de dorg back yer kin go."

"Don't I git no reward?" whined Louis.

"Reward!" shouted Cox, dumfounded; "I'd like ter know fer what? Fer stealin' de dorg, maybe!"

"I didn't steal him," replied Louis indignantly; "I finds him barkin' 'round yer lodgin'-house when I was a-goin' home an' I grabs him, thinkin' it might be Mike Cox."

"Yer gittin' yer neck fer a reward, an' if it ain't enuff——" Cox doubled his big fist.

"I s'pose it'll have ter do," muttered Louis, crawling off.

"JOIN THE UNION," YELLED DAN

The Money Kings of the World

The Rothschilds

By W. T. STEAD

"WE HAD the good luck to see the old mother of the Rothschilds," wrote Henry Greville in his journal when he visited the dark, dirty, squalid Ghetto of Frankfort in 1843. "The house she inhabits appears not a bit better than any of the others; it is the same dark and decayed mansion. In this narrow, gloomy street and before this wretched tenement a smart calèche was standing, fitted up with blue silk, and a footman in blue livery was at the door. Presently the door opened, and the old woman was seen descending a dark, narrow staircase, supported by her granddaughter, the Baroness Charles Rothschild. A more curious and striking contrast I never saw than the dress of the ladies, their equipages and liveries, with the dilapidated locality in which the old woman persists in remaining. The family allow her £4000 a year, and they say she never in her life has been out of Frankfort, and never inhabited any other house than this, in which she is resolved to die."*

At the time when the inveterate gossiper jotted down this entry in his entertaining diary the old mother of the Rothschilds was ninety-four years old, having spent nearly a century in the Ghetto in which she had been born, and in which, down to the advent of the French Revolution, she and all her race had been confined, the street being closed with gates at each end. A mother in Israel, indeed, was Madame Mayer Amschel, or Madame Bauer, as some called her, one not unworthy to have sung the glad song of Hannah over the youthful Samuel. How the familiar strains must have gladdened the heart of the young mother in the foul-smelling Judengasse, as she sat with the boy on her knees. "The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich; He bringeth low and lifteth up. He raiseth up the poor out of the dust and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory." She lived to see the prophecy literally fulfilled. In her lifetime her sons and her sons' sons arose to call her blessed. When her husband died he left his sons as his last directions: (1) To remain ever faithful to the Law of Moses; (2) To be ever united, and (3) To undertake nothing without consulting their mother. From the gloomy Frankfort Ghetto her descendants went forth to found a dynasty which for a hundred years stood preëminent among the monarchs of finance.

The Rothschilds are no longer the greatest of the Money Kings of the world. But their firm is still *primus inter pares*, and their present position, conjoined with their famous traditions, entitles them to the place of honor in any gathering of the financial sovereigns of our time.

The Origin of the Rothschild Dynasty

It is not difficult to trace the origin of the new dynasty. Before the middle of the eighteenth century there were no Rothschilds known to fame. The father of the first Rothschild was a Jewish merchant of the name of Anselm, or, according to others, Mayer Bauer. When the child was born he so little discerned the true bent of his genius that he purposed to dedicate him to the service of the Synagogue. Young Bauer was to be a rabbi learned in the law, as young Cecil Rhodes in later years was to be set apart in his youth for the ministry of the Church of England. But the destiny of both was not in the keeping of their fathers. It was the fate of young Bauer not to write commentaries on the Book of the Law, but to afford the world the most conspicuous confirmation of the accuracy of the prediction which declared, "Thou shalt lend unto many nations and thou shalt not borrow." Instead of becoming a rabbi, the lad went into business and started his career as a money-lender at the sign of the Red Shield in the Frankfort Judengasse. Money-lenders in those days, like publicans in our day, advertised their business by a signboard on which were painted emblems which had probably as little significance as the Red Lions and the Blue Boars under which British innkeepers supply their customers with ale and spirits. Bauer's sign was a Red Shield—in German, Rothschild. Under that sign he prospered exceedingly. After a time he discarded the family name of Bauer, and adopted the less homely patronymic which he borrowed from his signboard. Exit Bauer with its associations of peasant life. Enter Rothschild, who was to sit among princes and to inherit the throne of glory.

The first Rothschild from a mere money-lender of the Judengasse became known as a banker of some culture. If money-making was his business, numismatics was his recreation, the hobby of his leisure moments. It was his hobby that made him the associate of princes and enabled him to plant his foot on the first round of the ladder on which his descendants were to ascend so high. William, the ninth Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, shared his passion for the collecting of curious coins. He made the banker's acquaintance, and found him interesting and useful in other fields. Rothschild was diligent in business, Rothschild was honest. So, to make a long story short, he became in the first year of last century the agent of the Landgrave. The next year, in 1802, he made his début on the international stage by raising a loan—a small affair, but his first—of a few dollars to the Danish Government, whose capital had been in the hands of the British Government the previous year. It was the year of the Peace of Amiens. Four years later, when Napoleon, baffled in his designs for the invasion of England, swept like a devastating flood across the Rhine to the Prussian capital, Rothschild's Landgrave fled in haste from before the invader. But before he went he intrusted all his silver and other treasures to Rothschild, who at no small risk to his neck buried them in a corner of his garden, where they remained on deposit during the troublous years that followed Jena, and were subsequently returned to their owner with five per cent. interest.

Rothschild did not live to see the downfall of Napoleon. He died at Frankfort in September, 1812, when the French were beginning to experience the horrors of the retreat from Moscow. He left five sons and five daughters, who inherited no small share of their father's financial genius. As Alexander when he died divided his empire among his generals, so the House of Rothschild distributed Europe among its sons. Frankfort remained the seat of the family dynasty, but Rothschilds reigned at London, Paris, Vienna and Naples. It must have been difficult in those days before railways were invented, and when the Continent was convulsed with war, for the family to meet in council at Frankfort. But the stage-coach and the diligence sufficed in those days, and the lack of telegraphs and telephones did not prevent the Rothschilds making their birthplace on the Main the financial capital of the world. The eldest son lived there, and there, in accordance with the will of the founder, all important consultations were held. The family has held together from that day to this, although Paris has succeeded Frankfort as the family centre. They have intermarried one with the other without impairing the breed, and at this day the heirs of the original Rothschild hold together all around the world. It is a family dynasty with ramifications everywhere. In every capital a Rothschild has his finger upon the pulse of the world.

The most famous of the Rothschilds was the third son, who received England as his appanage. He was born in 1777, and paid his first visit to Great Britain when, as a youth of twenty-three, with five hundred dollars in his pockets, he was sent to Manchester to buy cotton goods for his father. In 1805 he was transferred to London, where he soon made his mark and found a rich wife in the daughter of Levi Cohen. Young Rothschild—he was then but eight and twenty—displayed an audacity and a nerve which made him first the terror and then the envy of his contemporaries. It was a time of war. England was engaged in a life-and-death struggle against Napoleon. Supreme on the seas, she was compelled to fight the Corsican on land chiefly by proxy. The allies were only prevailed upon to continue the struggle by the judicious bottle-holding of the English Government, which granted subsidy after subsidy. As the chief weapon of England in land war was financial, the way was cleared for the ambition of the young German Jew. He arrived in London just before the death of Pitt, whose work he took up and continued in the world of finance.

How Nathan Rothschild Financed a War

Nathan Mayer Rothschild played double or quits in a style which none of his successors would dream of imitating. Satisfied that England held the winning cards in the great world-struggle, he backed England for all he was worth. When Wellington's drafts on the British Government came in from the Peninsula in 1810, and there was no money in the National Treasury to meet them, Rothschild took them up and renewed them from time to time until the hard-pressed Chancellor of the Exchequer could redeem them. Not for nothing, however, did Rothschild work. The bills taken up at heavy discount must be redeemed at par. When loans were issued he had his share, sometimes the lion's share, for the laborer is worthy of his hire, and he was true to the Mosaic precept which forbids muzzling the ox which treads out the corn. But although he made his profit, he rendered yeoman's service to John Bull. The clever and audacious Jew was a man of inexhaustible resource, of unfailing confidence. His services during the last ten years of the great Napoleonic war almost entitle him to rank as one of the Allied Powers. He would have made a great newspaper editor. He had the instinct for news, and the passion to acquire it ahead of all his contemporaries. His pigeons at the ports where his swift packets called with the latest news from the seat of war enabled him to make his pile before the market received a hint of what had happened. The Rothschild family permeated Europe. Its trusty agents were everywhere, and all the information which they gathered was pooled for the profit of the new dynasty.

The battle of Waterloo, which marked the final fall of Bonaparte, marked not less decisively the establishment of the new dynasty. Nathan Mayer Rothschild was on the fatal field. He had dispatched swift messengers apprising London of the reverse inflicted upon the Prussians at Ligny—news which would send stocks down, and then waited with intense anxiety for the issue of the battle which would send them rocketing upward. He did not wait in vain. Napoleon was no sooner in flight than Nathan Rothschild was speeding even more rapidly to the coast. He got the news through exclusive to his firm in London in time to buy heavily in stocks depressed to the lowest point by the news of Blücher's defeat. Two days later he was able to sell at the top of the market, when the official news came of Wellington's victory. It was a great coup, establishing the house on foundations so durable that after the lapse of a century the edifice stands firm.

* This mother in Israel died three years later. When asked to quit the Judengasse she was wont to reply: "Here I have seen my sons grow rich and powerful, and, as I have not grown conceited in my old age, I will leave them their good fortune, which would certainly forsake them were I from pride to abandon my humble dwelling."

Some men would have rested upon their laurels. Nathan Mayer Rothschild was not of the resting kind. His prestige was unparalleled. Every Government in Europe came cap in hand to the triumphant financier, and besought him to accept the position of their financial agent. He consented, but on terms and within limitations. He would have nothing to do either with Spain or with the American States, and he insisted that the interest on all loans which he floated should be paid in pounds sterling at London. As the English owed the idea of the Bank of England to a Scotchman, they owed the stipulation which made London the financial centre of the Continent to a German Jew, who had been made an Austrian Baron in 1822.

Nathan Mayer Rothschild died in 1836, twenty-one years after his great success. He used to say that he owed his millions to two maxims: (1) Always strike a bargain without waiting to think it over, and (2) Never have anything to do with an unlucky man. As an Amurath an Amurath succeeds, Nathan Rothschild was succeeded by Lionel, and he in turn was succeeded by the present head of the firm, Lord Rothschild. Lionel was chiefly famous because around him was fought the fiercely contested battle of Jewish disabilities. For eleven years he was elected and reëlected by the City of London as one of its representatives in the House of Commons, and for eleven years the Conservative prejudice against the Jews, combined with the theological prejudice of the Bench of Bishops, succeeded in excluding him from Parliament. At last, in 1858, the barrier gave way, and Lionel Rothschild took his seat without having to swear allegiance on the faith of a Christian. His first vote, curiously enough, was given in opposition to Lord John Russell, who had been the weariless and persistent champion of his admission. He continued to be elected for the City till 1874, when he was one of the victims of the Conservative reaction which placed Mr. Disraeli in power. On his death, in 1879, he was succeeded by the present Lord Rothschild, who continues to carry on the business of the firm at the same old stand.

The French Branch of the Family

The Paris house of Rothschild was founded by James or Jacob, the fifth son of the first Rothschild. In England the Rothschilds were Liberal down to the introduction of the Home Rule bill. In France they were Conservative. They made their entry into the country with the Restoration. They were the financial agents of the Bourbons, and under Louis Philippe made great profit by the advances which they were able to make the builders of railways. When the pious Normans wished to cover England with cathedrals in the twelfth century they borrowed the money from the Jews, to whom it is indifferent whether their dividends come from the railways of the Gentile or the temple of the Nazarene. The Revolution of 1848 hit the Rothschilds hard. Not only were they subjected to heavy losses, but their personal safety was endangered. They survived, however, and under the Empire, as afterward under the Republic, the Rothschilds were among the most conspicuous figures in society and in the great world of finance. When the Germans invested Paris in 1870, Prince Bismarck and the headquarters staff of the German army were installed for a fortnight in the magnificent château of Baron Alphonse Rothschild, the son of James, whom he succeeded in 1878, in whose cellars they found no fewer than seventeen thousand bottles of wine of the earliest vintage, and whose park was stocked with deer and pheasants and all manner of game. When peace came it was in Baron Alphonse's house that Jules Ferry and Bismarck arranged the terms of peace, and it was Baron Alphonse who raised the one thousand million dollars of the war indemnity. The Rothschilds of Paris for nearly ninety years have lived in France as if, instead of being parvenus, they had been among the grandest of the grand seigneurs of the old régime.

In Austria they were welcomed heartily by Prince Metternich. It was there where they were first ennobled, and there they still live and thrive. They are not permitted to enter Russia. They have a prejudice against Spain. The branch which they established at Naples was discontinued. The dynasty abandoned its family seat at Frankfort years ago, and this year the Frankfort house was shut down. It carries on business at London, Paris and Vienna. From these centres it spreads its tentacles to the uttermost ends of the earth.

The dynasty is primarily financial. The Rothschilds, even when in Parliament, are financiers first, politicians afterward. Somewhat of the caution born of the Ghetto, the product of long generations of persecution, deters them from playing a prominent rôle in any other sphere but that of finance. A Rothschild, as I have mentioned, was the first Jew who ever sat in the House of Commons, and his son was the first Hebrew financier admitted to the House of Lords. Neither father nor son has left a trace of his presence on the legislation of Britain. They have been so neutral that the man in the street hardly can tell whether they are Conservatives or Liberals.

They are neutral by calculation as well as by temperament. They naturally were drawn to Disraeli, the first man of their race who was Prime Minister of England. But Baron Rothschild represented the City of London in the Liberal interests, and took his seat with the Opposition when he entered Parliament when Disraeli was in office. They are Unionists to-day, but they allowed one of their daughters, Hannah, the child and heiress of Baron Mayer de Rothschild, to marry Lord Rosebery, and so endow the Liberal statesman

THE TRADERS

By Frederick Walworth

UP THE dim aisles of the ages, swung in on the ocean roar,
The clank of anchor iron grinds, the creak of the battled oar,
For men have put to sea in ships, searching their hearts' desire,
Since Hiram's spanking merchantmen went trading out of Tyre.

Awash with costly merchandise, silk stuffs and beads of glass,
Cloths dipped in the purple murex and arms of the toughest brass,
Wrought work of looms and forges, tried best of the very best,
For trade with the wild barbarians beyond in the golden west.

Rimming the Mediterranean, hugging the redolent shores,
The trim Phœnician galley worked on the wings of her rhythmic oars,
Past slumbering Greece and Italy, on down to the gate by Spain,
Till she caught the lift of the ocean swell, the heave of the startled main.

Then up in the teeth of the norther through the angry, spume-capped bay,
While the towers sweat on the aching sweeps, snatching scant steerage way,
Winning at last to the sea isle and the mines of tin and lead,
Where the small, dark, fierce-eyed people crowd down to trade and be bled.

Or turning away to the southward with her purple sail unfurled,
Where the long, green, deep-sea rollers wheel in from the "rim of the world,"
Till she come to the land of the peacock, of ivory, apes and spice,
Where the black folk trade raw gold for brass and take no thought to the price.

Recklessly driving onward where the finger of gain may lead,
To the uttermost haunt of the wild folk, to the uttermost daring deed,
Till, laden anew with treasure such as only the seamen bring,
She turns again up the curve of the sea and homes to the waiting king.

We with our ships of iron, with our engines, compasses, charts,
We have the old sea in derision and laugh at his wiles and arts;
Yet these be the men that we follow, their track is the track we take,
And they weathered the ways of commerce at risks which we dare not make.

Then a hail to the Tyrian traders of the far, half-written days,
Who fashioned them boats and went down to the sea and taught the whole world its ways,
For men have put to sea in ships, searching their hearts' desire,
Since Hiram's spanking merchantmen went trading out of Tyre.

who succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister with the treasure-house of Mentmore and the enormous fortune of her father. It is part of their business tradition to be on good terms with whatever Government is in power. The brougham of Lord Rothschild is constantly to be seen opposite the residences of important Ministers. The visit of a Rothschild is not resented by a Secretary of State, for in most cases he brings more than he takes. The Rothschild secret intelligence office is believed to be much better served than the Ministry in all that relates to the collection of early and timely information as to the probable drift of events in foreign capitals. Just before the Jameson Raid convulsed the Stock Exchange it was noted that Lord Rothschild had a long confidential conversation with Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial office. Of course both men may have been entirely ignorant of the impending *coup*. The visit may have had nothing to do with South African affairs. But on the other hand, supposing either or both of them were aware of what was in the wind, it is easy to see a hint or even a wink from the Minister might have been worth many millions to the financier. This intercourse with the Ministers of the Crown is concealed rather than paraded. Occasionally it is commented upon with asperity, but the public seem to regard with equanimity or indifference the practice of treating the head of the house of Rothschild as a kind of unofficial consultor of the Cabinet.

When Disraeli bought for England the Suez Canal shares from the Khedive it was the Rothschilds who advanced the thirty million dollars which were wanted at once. They charged pretty heavily for the accommodation, but they found the money. If the British Government is going to borrow money, it is assumed as a matter of course that "Natty," as Nathaniel Lord Rothschild is called, will know all about it. The Ministers of the King who has his court at Buckingham Palace never quarrel with the uncrowned Money King who has his office in Capel Court.

No mistake could be greater than to imagine that the Rothschilds are solely concerned in lending money to Governments. They probably have dealings with most European Governments, but this is only one section of their business. Wherever the carcass is, there the eagles are gathered together. Wherever there is a good thing, whether it be petroleum in the Caucasus, diamonds at Kimberley, or gold anywhere, there it will be found that the Rothschilds are seated in the front row. Long experience has invested the famous dynasty with an instinct somewhat like that which enables the condor soaring above the clouds to divine the presence of a dead animal in some remote valley of the Andes, far beyond the range of its vision. They are in everything that is a gilt-edged security all over the world, from British consols to the stock of the Steel Trust.

If they had political ambition they might revolutionize Europe. If they have any ambition, it is to do no such thing, and if possible to prevent any one else from doing it. Money is naturally conservative. The Rothschilds as we know them, in London, are devoid of imagination, with no ambition greater than that of playing a rôle in English society or of winning the Derby. One of them has developed a taste for natural history, has acclimatized many foreign animals in his park at Tring, and has broken in zebras to harness. They have founded a kind of New Jerusalem of millionaires' palaces on the wooded uplands of Buckinghamshire, where the presence of brother-in-law Rosebery in Hannah's palace at Mentmore does not mar the unity of the happy family.

A Policy of Caution and Seclusion

In charity, especially among their own people, they have earned a good name—Baron Albert gave five million dollars to a hospital in Vienna; in the discharge of the duties of their religion they are punctual and devout. But although they are so unavoidably conspicuous in society and in finance, they live in what an American millionaire would regard as absolute seclusion. No one ever ventures to interview the chief of the Rothschild dynasty. No Rothschild ever wrote a book or an article or made a speech upon any topic of public interest or the least public importance. No one outside the inner circle knows their opinions. It is divined that they are not particularly well disposed to Russia on account of the way in which the Jews are treated in the Czar's Empire. But they are not a force upon which the Russophobists can count. During at least one critical moment of late years, when there was imminent danger of war between England and Russia, the whole influence of their firm was thrown unhesitatingly and steadily in favor of peace.

Even their race sympathy cannot always be counted on. They dread the anti-Semitic movement and shrink from anything which might make them the mark for popular prejudice. Probably they sympathized with the unfortunate Dreyfus, but they were very careful not to be conspicuous among those who sought to secure his liberation. Colonel Picquart and Emile Zola, Gentiles both, did more for the prisoner of Devil's Isle than all the Rothschilds in Europe.

In France they are no longer the paramount power in the financial world. They are not exactly monarchs retired from business, but they have reached middle age. The fervor of their hot youth when they staked their all in the cause of the anti-Napoleonic alliance has long spent itself. In those days they had not so much to stake. You cannot go steeplechasing with a thousand millions in your belt. Every additional million tends to dissuade from risk or adventure. Hence the Rothschilds are more than ever the representatives of Conservatism both in politics and in finance, although of late they have had heavy losses in some of their speculations.

(Concluded on Page 20)

THE PIT

By FRANK NORRIS

Author of The Octopus

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—HE MUTTERED BETWEEN HIS TEETH, "IT'S UP AGAIN"

CHAPTER XV

WELL, that's about all then, I guess," said Gretry at last as he pushed back his chair and rose from the table.

He and Jadwin were in a room on the third floor of the Grand Pacific Hotel, facing Jackson Street. It was three o'clock in the morning. Both men were in their shirt-sleeves; the table at which they had been sitting was scattered over with papers, telegraph blanks, and at Jadwin's elbow stood a lacquer tray filled with the stumps of cigars and burnt matches, together with one of the hotel pitchers of ice water.

"Yes," assented Jadwin absently, running through a sheaf of telegrams, "that's all we can do—until we see what kind of a game Crookes plays. I'll be at your office by eight."

"Well," said the broker getting into his coat, "I guess I'll go to my room and try to get a little sleep. I wish I could see how we'll be to-morrow night at this time."

Jadwin made a sharp movement of impatience.

"Great Scott! Sam, aren't you ever going to let up croaking? If you're afraid of this thing get out of it. Haven't I got enough to bother me?"

"Oh, say! Say, hold on, hold on, old man," remonstrated the broker in an injured voice. "You're terrible touchy sometimes, J., of late. I was only trying to look ahead a little. Don't think I want to back out. You ought to know me by this time, J."

"There, there, I'm sorry, Sam," Jadwin hastened to answer, getting up and shaking the other by the shoulder. "I am touchy these days. There's so many things to think of, and all at the same time. I do get nervous. I never slept one little wink last night—and you know the night before I didn't turn in till two in the morning."

"Lord, you go swearing and damning 'round here like a pirate sometimes, J.," Gretry went on. "I haven't heard you cuss before in twenty years. Look out, now, that I don't tell on you to your Sunday-school superintendents."

"I guess they'd cuss, too," observed Jadwin, "if they were long forty million wheat, and had to know just where every hatful of it was every second of the time. It was all very well for us to whoop about swinging a corner that afternoon in your office. But the real thing—well, you don't have any trouble keeping awake. Do you suppose we can keep the fact of our corner dark much longer?"

"I fancy not," answered the broker putting on his hat and thrusting his papers into his breast-pocket. "If we bust Crookes it'll come out—and it won't matter then. I think we've got all the shorts there are."

"I'm laying particularly for Dave Scannel," remarked Jadwin. "I hope he's up to his neck, and if he is, by the Great Horn Spoon, I'll bankrupt him, or my name is not Jadwin! I'll wring him bone-dry. If I once get a twist of that rat I won't leave him hide nor hair to cover the wart he calls his heart."

"Why, what all has Scannel ever done to you?" demanded the other, amazed.

"Nothing, but I found out the other day that old Hargus—poor old, broken-backed, half-starved Hargus—I found out that it was Scannel that ruined him. Hargus and he had a big deal on, you know—oh, ages ago—and Scannel sold out on him. It was the dirtiest, damnedest treachery I every heard of! Scannel made his pile, and what's Hargus now? Why, he's a scarecrow. And he has a little niece that he supports, Heaven only knows how. I've seen her, and she's pretty as a picture. Well, that's all right; I'm going to carry fifty thousand wheat for Hargus, and I've got another scheme for him, too. The poor old boy won't go hungry again if I know it! But if I lay my hands on Scannel—if we catch him in the corner—holy, suffering Moses, won't I make him squeal!"

Gretry nodded, to say he understood and approved.

"I guess you've got him," he remarked. "Well, I must get to bed. Good-night, J."

"Good-night, Sam. See you in the morning."

And before the door of the room was closed Jadwin was back at the table again. Once more, painfully, toilfully, he went over his plans, retesting, altering, recombining, his hands full of lists, of dispatches, and of endless columns of memoranda. Occasionally he murmured fragments of sentences to himself: "H'm! . . . I must look out for that. . . . They can't touch us there. . . . The annex of that Nickel Plate elevator will hold—let's see—half a million. . . . If I buy the grain within five days after arrival I've got to pay storage, which is, let's see—three-quarters of a cent times eighty thousand. . . ."

An hour passed. At length Jadwin pushed back from the table, drank a glass of ice water, and rose, stretching.

"Lord, I must get some sleep," he muttered. He threw off his clothes and went to bed, but even as he composed himself to sleep the noises of the street in the awakening city invaded the room through the chink of the window he had left open. The noises were vague. They blended easily into a far-off murmur; they came nearer; they developed into a cadence: "Wheat-wheat-wheat, wheat-wheat-wheat."

Jadwin roused up. He had just been dropping off to sleep. He rose and shut the window and again threw himself down. He was weary to death; not a nerve of his body that did not droop and flag. His eyes closed slowly. Then all at once his whole body twitched sharply in a sudden spasm, a simultaneous recoil of every muscle. His heart began to beat rapidly, his breath failed him. Broad awake, he sat up in bed.

"H'm!" he muttered. "That was a start—must have been dreaming, surely."

Then he paused, frowning, his eyes narrowing; he looked to and fro about the room, lit by the subdued light that came in through the transom from a globe in the hall outside. Slowly his hand went to his forehead.

With almost the abruptness of a blow that strange, indescribable sensation had returned to his head. It was as though he were struggling with a fog in the interior of his brain; or again it was a numbness, a weight, or sometimes it had more of the feeling of a heavy, tight-drawn band across his temples.

"Smoking too much, I guess," murmured Jadwin. But he knew this was not the reason, and as he spoke there smote across his face the first indefinite sensation of an unnamed fear.

He gave a quick, short breath, and straightened himself, passing his hands over his face.

"What the deuce," he muttered, "does this mean?"

For a long moment he remained sitting upright in bed, looking from wall to wall of the room. He felt a little calmer. He shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Look here," he said to the opposite wall, "I guess I'm not a schoolgirl, to have nerves at this late date. High time to get to sleep if I'm to mix things with Crookes to-morrow."

But he could not sleep. While the city woke to its multitudinous life below his windows, while the gray light of morning drowned the yellow haze from the gas jet that came through the transom, while the "early call" alarms rang in neighboring rooms, Curtis Jadwin lay awake, staring at the ceiling, now concentrating his thoughts upon the vast operation in which he found himself engaged, following out again all its complexities, its inconceivable ramifications, or now puzzling over the inexplicable numbness, the queer, dull weight that descended upon his brain so soon as he allowed its activity to relax.

By four o'clock he found it intolerable to remain longer in bed; he rose, bathed, dressed, ordered his breakfast, and, descending to the office of the hotel, read the earliest editions of the morning papers for half an hour.

Then at last, as he sat in the corner of the office deep in an armchair, the tired shoulders began to droop, the wearied head to nod. The paper slipped from his fingers, his chin sunk upon his collar.

To his ears the early clamor of the street, the cries of newsboys, the rattle of drays came in a dull murmur. It seemed to him that very far off a great throng was forming. It was menacing, shouting. It stirred, it moved, it was advancing. It came galloping down the street, shouting with insensate fury; now it was at the corner, now it burst into the entrance of the hotel. Its clamor was deafening, but intelligible. For a thousand, a million, forty million voices were shouting in cadence:

"Wheat-wheat-wheat, wheat-wheat-wheat."

Jadwin woke abruptly, half starting from his chair. The morning sun was coming in through the windows, the clock above the hotel desk was striking seven, and a waiter stood at his elbow, saying:

"Your breakfast is served, Mr. Jadwin."

He had no appetite. He could eat nothing but a few mouthfuls of toast, and long before the appointed hour he sat in Gretry's office, waiting for the broker to appear, drumming on the arm of his chair, plucking at the buttons of his coat, and wondering why it was that every now and then all the objects in his range of vision seemed to move slowly back and stand upon the same plane.

By degrees he lapsed into a sort of lethargy, a wretched counterfeit of sleep, his eyes half closed, his breath irregular. But, such as it was, it was infinitely grateful. The little, overdriven cogs and wheels of the mind, at least, moved slower. Perhaps by and by this might develop into genuine, blessed oblivion.

But there was a quick step outside the door. Gretry came in.

"Oh, J.! Here already, are you? Well, Crookes will begin to sell at the very tap of the bell."

"He will, hey?" Jadwin was on his feet. Instantly the jaded nerves braced taut again; instantly the tiny machinery of the brain spun again at its fullest limit. "He's going to try to sell us out, is he? All right. We'll see, too. We'll see who can sell the most—Crookes or Jadwin."

"Sell! You mean buy, of course."

"No, I don't. I've been thinking it over since you left last night. Wheat is worth exactly what it is selling for the blessed day. I've not inflated it up one single eighth yet; Crookes thinks I have. I can read him like a book! He thinks I've boosted the stuff above what it's worth, and that a little shove will send it down. He can send it down to ten cents if he likes, but it'll jump back like a rubber ball. I'll sell bushel for bushel with him as long as he wants to keep it up."

TO HIS EARS THE EARLY CLAMOR OF THE STREET CAME IN A DULL MURMUR

"Heavens and earth, J.," exclaimed Gretry with a long breath, "the risk is about as big as holding up the Bank of England. You are depreciating about forty million dollars' worth of your property with every cent she breaks."

"You do as I tell you—you'll see I'm right," answered Jadwin. "Get your boys and we'll give 'em the orders."

The "Crookes affair"—as among themselves the group of men who centred about him spoke of it—was for Curtis Jadwin what Austerlitz was for the Great Adventurer. It was conclusive, complete, and crowned with a finality that made all misgiving impossible.

It occupied every moment of each morning's session of the Board of Trade for four furious, never-to-be-forgotten days. Promptly at half-past nine o'clock on Tuesday morning Crookes began to sell May wheat short, and instantly, to the surprise of every Pit trader on the floor, the price broke with his very first attack. In twenty minutes it was down half a cent. Then came the really big surprise of the day. Landry Court, the known representative of the firm which all along had fostered and encouraged the rise in the price, appeared in the Pit, and instead of buying, upset all precedent and all calculation by selling as freely as the Crookes men themselves. For three days the battle went on. But to the outside world—even to the Pit itself—it seemed less a battle than a rout. The "Unknown Bull" was down, was beaten at last. He had inflated the price of the wheat, he had backed a false, an artificial and unwarrantable boom, and now he was being broken. Ah, Crookes knew when to strike. Here was the great general—the real leader—who so long had held back.

By the end of the Friday session Crookes and his clique had sold five million bushels, "going short," promising to deliver wheat that they did not own but expected to buy at low prices. The market that day closed at ninety-five.

Friday night, in Jadwin's room in the Grand Pacific, a conference was held between Gretry, Landry Court, two of Gretry's most trusted lieutenants, and Jadwin himself. Two results issued from this conference. One took the form of a cipher cable to Jadwin's Liverpool agent, which, translated, read: "Buy all wheat that is offered till market advances one penny." The other was the general order issued to Landry Court and the four other Pit traders for the Gretry-Converse house, to the effect that in the morning they were to go into the Pit and, making no demonstration, begin to buy back the wheat they had been selling all the week. Each of them was to buy one million bushels. Jadwin had, as Gretry put it, "timed Crookes to a split second," foreseeing the exact moment when he would make his supreme effort. Sure enough, on that very Saturday Crookes was selling freer than ever, confident of breaking the Bull ere the closing gong should ring.

But before the end of the morning wheat was up two cents. Buying orders poured in upon the market. The price had stiffened almost of itself. Above the indicator upon the great dial there seemed to be an invisible, inexplicable magnet that lifted it higher and higher for all the strenuous efforts of the Bears to drag it down.

A feeling of nervousness began to prevail. The small traders, who had been wild to sell short during the first days of the movement, began on Monday to cover a little here and there.

"Now," declared Jadwin that night, "now's the time to open up all along the line hard. If we start her with a rush to-morrow morning she'll go to a dollar all by herself."

Tuesday morning, therefore, the Gretry-Converse traders bought another five million bushels. The price under this stimulus went up with the buoyancy of a feather. The little shorts, more and more uneasy, and beginning to cover by the scores, forced it up even higher.

The nervousness of the "crowd" increased. Perhaps, after all, Crookes was not so omnipotent. Perhaps, after all, the Unknown Bull had another fight in him. Then the "outsiders" came into the market. All in a moment all the traders were talking "higher prices." Everybody now was as eager to buy as, a week before, they had been eager to sell. The price went up by convulsive bounds. Crookes dared not buy, dared not purchase the wheat to make good his promises of delivery, for fear of putting up the price on himself higher still. Dismayed, chagrined and humiliated, he and his clique sat back inert, watching the tremendous reaction, hoping against hope that the market would break again.

But now it became difficult to get wheat at all. All of a sudden nobody was selling. The buyers in the Pit commenced to bid against each other, offering a dollar and two cents. The wheat did not "come out." They bid a dollar two and a half, a dollar two and five-eighths; still no wheat. Frantic, they shook their fingers in the very faces of Landry Court and the Gretry traders, shouting: "A dollar two and seven-eighths! A dollar three! Three and an eighth! A fourth! Three-eighths! A half!" But the others shook their heads. Except on extraordinary advances of a whole cent at a time there was no wheat for sale.

At the last-named price Crookes acknowledged defeat. Somewhere in his big machine a screw had been loose. Somehow he had miscalculated. So long as he and his associates sold and sold and sold, the price would go down. The instant they tried to cover there was no wheat for sale, and the price leaped up again with an elasticity that no power could control.

He saw now that he and his followers had to face a loss of several cents a bushel on each one of the five million they had sold. They had not been able to cover one single sale, and the situation was back again exactly as before his onslaught, the Unknown Bull in securer control than ever before.

But long since Crookes had, at last, begun to suspect the true condition of affairs, and now that the market was hourly growing tighter and more congested, his suspicion was confirmed. Alone, locked in his private office, he thought it out, and at last remarked to himself:

"SAM, AREN'T YOU EVER GOING TO LET UP CROAKING?"

"Somebody has a great big line of wheat that is not on the market at all. Somebody has got all the wheat there is. I guess I know his name. I guess the visible supply of May wheat in the Chicago market is cornered."

This was at a time when the price stood at a dollar and one cent. Crookes—who from the first had managed and handled the operations of his confederates—knew very well that if he now bought in all the wheat his clique had sold short the price would go up long before he could complete the deal. He said nothing to the others, further than that they "hold on a little longer, in the hopes of a turn," but very quietly he began to cover his own personal sales—his share of the five million sold by the clique. Foreseeing a collapse of his scheme, he got out of the market; at a loss, it was true, but still no more than he could stand. If he held on "a little longer, in the hopes of a turn," there was no telling how deep the Bull would gore him. This was no time to think much about "obligations."

A few days after this Crookes sat in his office in the La Salle Street building that bore his name. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning. His dry, small, beardless face creased a little at the corners of the mouth as he heard the ticker chattering behind him. He knew how the tape read. There had been another flurry on the Board that morning, not half an hour since, and wheat was up again. In the last thirty-six hours it had advanced three cents, and at that very minute the "boys" on the floor were, he knew very well, offering nine cents over the dollar for the May option—and not getting it. The market was in a tumult. He fancied he could almost hear the thunder of the Pit as it swirled. All La Salle Street was listening and watching, all Chicago, all the nation, all the world. Not a "factor" on the London 'Change who did not turn an ear down the wind to catch the echo of this Niagara, not an *agent de change* in the peristyle of the Paris Bourse who did not strain to note the every modulation of its mighty diapason.

"Well," said the little voice of the man-within-the-man, who in the person of Calvin Hardy Crookes sat listening to the ticker in his office—"Well, let it roar. It sure can't hurt C. H. C."

"Can you see Mr. Cressler?" said the clerk at the door.

He came in with a hurried, unsteady step. The long, stooping figure was unkempt; was, in a sense, unjointed, as though some support had been withdrawn. The eyes were deep-sunk, the bones of the face were gaunt and bare; and from moment to moment the man swallowed quickly and moistened his lips.

Crookes nodded as his ally came up, and, one finger raised, pointed to a chair. He himself was impassive, calm. He did not move. Taciturn as ever, he waited for the other.

"I want to talk with you, Mr. Crookes," began Cressler hurriedly. "I—I made up my mind to it day before yesterday, but I put it off. I had hoped that things would come our way. But I can't delay now. . . . Mr. Crookes, I can't stand this any longer. I must get out of the clique. I haven't the ready money to stand this pace."

There was a silence. Crookes neither moved nor changed expression. His small eyes fixed upon the other, he waited for Cressler to go on.

"I might remind you," Cressler continued, "that when I joined your party I expressly stipulated that our operations should not be speculative."

"You knew——" began Crookes.

"Oh, I have nothing to say," Cressler interrupted. "I did know. I knew from the first it was to be speculation. I tried to deceive myself. I—well, this don't interest you. The point is, I must get out of the market. I don't like to go back on you others"—Cressler's fingers were fiddling with his watch-chain—"I don't like to—I mean to say you must let me out. You must let me cover—at once. I am—very nearly bankrupt now. Another half-cent rise and I'm bankrupt. It will take as it is—my—my—all my ready money—all my savings for the last ten years to buy in my wheat."

"Let's see. How much did I sell for you?" demanded Crookes. "Five hundred thousand?"

"Yes, five hundred thousand at ninety-eight—and we're at a dollar nine now. It's an eleven-cent jump. I—I can't stand another eighth. I must cover at once."

Crookes, without answering, drew his desk telephone to him.

"Hello!" he said after a moment. "Hello! . . . Buy five hundred May at the market, right away."

He hung up the receiver and leaned back in his chair.

"They'll report the trade in a minute," he said. "Better wait and see."

Cressler stood at the window, his hands clasped behind his back, looking down into the street. He did not answer. The seconds passed, then the minutes. Crookes turned to his desk and signed a few letters, the scrape of his pen the only noise to break the silence of the room. Then at last he observed:

"Pretty bum weather for this time of the year."

Cressler nodded. He took off his hat and pushed the hair back from his forehead with a slow, persistent gesture; then as the ticker began to click again he faced around quickly, and crossing the room ran the tape through his fingers.

"Crookes," he muttered between his teeth, "I hope your men didn't lose any time. It's up again."

There was a step at the door, and as Crookes called to come in the office messenger entered and put a slip of paper into his hands. Crookes looked at it, and pushed it across his desk toward Cressler.

"There you are," he observed. "That's your trade. Five hundred May, at a dollar ten. You were lucky to get it at that—or at any price."

"Ten!" cried the other as he took the paper.

Crookes turned away again, and glanced indifferently over his letters. Cressler laid the slip carefully down upon the ledge of the desk, and though Crookes did not look up he could almost feel how the man braced himself, got a grip on himself, put all his resources to the stretch to meet this blow squarely in the front.

"And I said another eighth would bust me," Cressler remarked with a short laugh. "Well," he added grimly, "it looks as though I were busted. I suppose, though, we must all expect to get the knife once in a while—mustn't we? Well, there goes fifty thousand dollars of my good money."

"I can tell you who's got it, if you care to know," answered Crookes. "It's a pewter quarter to Government bonds that Gretry, Converse & Co. sold that wheat to you. They've got about all the wheat there is."

"I know, of course, they've been heavy buyers—for this Unknown Bull they talk so much about."

"Well, he ain't Unknown to me," declared Crookes. "I know him. It's Curtis Jadwin. He's the man we've been fighting all along, and all hell's going to break loose down here in three or four days. He's cornered the market."

(Continued on Page 18)

XUM

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The paid circulation of the December 13th number of The Saturday Evening Post was 398,000 copies.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶A statesman is a solemn politician.

¶The price of coal gives many persons cold feet.

¶What the fool cannot appreciate he depreciates.

¶Sometimes the state of matrimony has no capital.

¶A man who always acts has time afterward to find reasons.

¶Success needs no reasons; failure they cannot explain.

¶The best cure for a man's conceit is a woman's laughter.

¶Hope on, hope ever is good; work on, doubt never is better.

¶The good suburbanite never dies. He catches the last train.

¶The ossified man is not always a solid and substantial citizen.

¶Man regards human nature as a pack-mule on which to pile his sins.

¶Some things that are received as gifts are really intended as investments.

¶It takes one to make a mind, two to make a bargain, three to make a marriage.

¶Many a true word is spoken in jest and many a false statement is made in deadly earnest.

¶The near relative is more desirable at Christmas-time than the one who is merely close.

¶The man who fights to preserve the peace may be inconsistent, but he is sometimes effective.

¶If dogs were built on the same plan as some speeches their conclusions would wag behind their ears.

¶All the trusts invited publicity until Congress threatened to give it to them. Then they began to fight it.

¶"In riding a horse," said the nail-keg philosopher, "the animal furnishes the energy and the man gets the exercise. In riding a bicycle the man furnishes the energy and the bicycle gets the exercise."

A Year of Progress

IN THE year just closed the greatest event was the settlement of the Boer War, followed by the voting of British millions for the rehabilitation of South Africa; the largest international incident was the work of The Hague tribunal in deciding the "Pious Fund" dispute between the United States and Mexico; the most stupendous financial operation was Mr. Morgan's steamship combine, embracing 141 steamers of 1,100,000 tonnage; the most remarkable condition was the continued increase of American prosperity in spite of the unparalleled coal strike, which was in itself a breaker of all previous records.

More prominent and spectacular seemed the American invasion of European industries and markets, but in reality the domestic showing of American progress was the most dazzling in the whole history of the world. We must go far back to find ground for a proper contrast. Our national debt reached in 1865 its maximum of $2,381,530,214.96; at the end of 1902 it had been reduced to almost $900,000,000, the figures for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1902, being $931,070,340, a decrease of more than $56,000,000 over the year preceding. All other nations increased their debts during the year; our debt came down more than a million dollars a week, and that, too, against the largest expenditures of any Government. During the year the imports increased and the exports decreased, showing a trade-balance loss of nearly two hundred millions, and yet in spite of that there has been during the past two years an increase of over $1,300,000,000 in deposits in the national banks, while the deposits in savings and state institutions have shown similar growth. Crops, mining, manufactures and transportation interests all reached their highest totals.

In the Governments of the world few changes were made. The royal deaths included Marie Henrietta, Queen of the Belgians; King Albert, of Saxony, and the Sultan of Zanzibar. Edward VII, by the grace of modern surgery, defied superstition and had a coronation. The Marquis of Salisbury resigned the Premiership to his nephew, Arthur J. Balfour, who continues the Government which has been nicknamed "Hotel Cecil," because so many members of the Cecil family are in its snuggest berths. After peace came to South Africa trouble broke forth anew in Ireland. Russia strengthened its hold on Manchuria and pushed its railroad projects. Germany struggled with its new tariff and suffered from industrial depression. France continued its movement against the church orders. Japan advanced. China dallied in the payments of its war indemnities, and Minister Wu was recalled from Washington. The peace of Asia ended the year in better shape than was expected. There were the usual insurrections in South America, with Venezuela as a storm centre, and the troubles are still hovering. In the United States the Republicans suffered a few losses in the November elections, but not enough to destroy their majority in the new House of Representatives, which majority will be about thirty. Cuba began its experience in free government.

Marconi's wireless telegraphy, in the popular sense, was the greatest scientific achievement. The flying machine, despite the best Santos-Dumont and others could do, failed to make a convincing success. Art, music and the drama were all barren of masterpieces. The outpouring of new books was the largest on record, but none of the "best sellers" reached the figures of the previous year. The deaths in art and literature included Emile Zola, Frank R. Stockton, George Alfred Henty, George Douglas Brown, Edward Eggleston, William Allen Butler, Jean de Bloch, Elbridge S. Brooks, Horace E. Scudder, Aubrey de Vere, John Appleton Brown, Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Dunn English, Junius Henry Brown, Francis Bret Harte, Amos J. Cummings, Paul Leicester Ford, Edward Lawrence Godkin, Jean J. Benjamin-Constant, Madame Durand ("Henri Greville"), Dr. George H. Hepworth, Mrs. Hector ("Mrs. Alexander"), J. J. Tissot, Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard, Thomas Nast, the cartoonist, and last but not least, Frank Norris. Old-time minstrelsy went out in the deaths, very close together, of Billy West, Billy Emerson and Neil Bryant.

The death of the year that elicited the most comment, not only because of the man himself but also because of his will and his bequests to education, was that of Cecil John Rhodes. Other deaths included the Marquis of Dufferin, Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, Charles L. Tiffany, Rev. Dr. Newman Hall, Bishop J. A. Latane, Henry G. Marquand, John P. Altgeld, Noah Davis, the Earl of Kimberley, General Wade Hampton, General Elbert L. Viele, J. Sterling Morton, Potter Palmer, Admiral William T. Sampson, Lord Pauncefote, John Henry Barrows, Dean Hoffman, Bishop Whipple, William Lidderdale (formerly Governor of the Bank of England), John W. Mackay, Cardinal Ledochowski, Dr. Charles Kendall Adams, Chief Rabbi Jacob Joseph, Senator James McMillan, Major J. W. Powell, Rear-Admirals Jouett and Selfridge, Professor Rudolph Virchow, Judge Horace Gray, George Hoadley, John C. Bullitt, Samuel D. Babcock, Herr Krupp, Theodore F. Seward, originator of the "Don't Worry" clubs, and Thomas B. Reed.

It was a year of magnificent giving. Mr. Carnegie continued his generosity. The colleges received more students and more millions than ever before. The most important educational movements were toward the shortening of the college term and the reopening of the question of co-education. Football flourished: its fatalities for the year were 13 against 6 in 1901; its seriously injured 85 against 75 in 1901. In general sports the year was more interesting than notable.

Doctor Lorenz toured the country and amazed surgeon and layman alike by his marvelous operations in cases of hip disease. Peary returned safely from a new attempt to locate the Pole. Doctor Loeb made new studies of the origin of life.

Many pressing problems were advanced but not settled. Among these is the inter-oceanic canal. The need of a more elastic currency has not been met, although generally recognized. The great subway in New York is still under way. The trust question is before Congress. Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona are knocking for admission to Statehood. The elimination of the colored vote in the South is coming before the courts. The churches have thrived, but they have not advanced much toward a union. The Coal Commission is at work on a definite program of peace and arbitration which may do more for the better relations of labor and capital than a half-century of legislation has been able to accomplish.

Finally, the figure that looms most conspicuously on the horizon for the moment is Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, and the nation that looks largest in the affairs of the world is the United States.

Wanted: A Course in Courtesy

LAST week a feeble, gray-haired man boarded a car in which four sturdy young fellows, undergraduates in one of our universities, were seated. He rode standing for ten squares. None of them offered him a seat. He is a man distinguished for his learning, and they probably reasoned that he had distinction, scholarship and the respect of the community, and they had only their seats, worth five cents apiece, and the legal right to keep them.

Or, more probably, they belonged to a class that never has had a chance to learn the courtesies of life, and it did not occur to them that they had any duty to perform in the matter.

On the same day a member of the senior class in one of our principal woman's colleges wrote to a woman of advanced age, whom she never had seen, as follows:

> Miss Blank proposes to form a collection of autographs and wishes to have yours. Indite your name in the middle of a page and return the book promptly to Miss Blank. Miss Blank incloses stamps for you to use.

Which proved that Miss Blank had some sense of honesty, if not of courtesy.

Why should not our public schools and colleges teach good manners? We make the proposal in all seriousness.

There are a thousand little customs or rules which a well-bred man observes when he walks or talks or eats, in the house or the street or the train. If he fortunately has learned them in his childhood he is as unconscious of them as he is of the act of breathing. But he cannot sit in a room or a car near you for a half-hour, though he does not speak a word, without betraying whether he has learned them or not. There can be, too, no doubt that his lack of good breeding will be more offensive to a stranger than his lack of good morals.

Now, our schools and colleges are filled with quick-witted girls and boys, many of whom, because of poverty, never have had the chance to learn the simple rules of good breeding which will be as necessary to them in pushing themselves up in the world as the Freemason's secret signs are to him in opening the lodge doors. We teach them gratuitously science, literature and countless ways of earning their living. Why do we refuse to teach them the little observances which will win for them friends, influence and power?

We open to all of our boys and girls the way to the position and the power of "ladies" and "gentlemen." Why not fit them to fill the parts? No success will compensate them for the want of good breeding. We have had able women, and men too, in the White House who have been wretched failures for the lack of that ease and simplicity of manner which a little training in childhood would have given to them.

Letter of Correction from Mr. Pasold

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

Dear Sir: I am a reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. In the issue dated November 29, 1902, I find in the fourth series of William Allen White's writings, entitled The Pot of Gold, under the heading A Tenderfoot on Thunder Mountain, a statement which is untrue. H. L. Hollister, the New York capitalist whom it is there stated has bought the Glasgo, Dundee and other groups of mining claims, has not bought or bonded or got the "Pasold" or "Passold" property. I am heavily interested in that locality together with New York and Ontario capitalists. I trust and hope at this time that you will immediately correct the mistake.

Yours respectfully,

J. F. PASOLD.

UNSOLVED—By Ian Maclaren

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An Unhistorical Tragedy

WE WERE living, a large and pleasant company, in a shooting-lodge at the head of a Highland glen, and conversation had turned one evening after dinner on the supernatural, and every man—for the women would not commit themselves—had declared with the slightest flavor of ostentation that he did not believe any nonsense of that kind. Conversation drifted away to the sport of the day, to the prospects of to-morrow, to a picnic at a certain romantic spot where the ladies were to join us, and to every kind of gossip. When the men had gathered in the smoking-room, which was paneled in black oak and lay largely in the shadow, and the circle round the fire had lit their favorite pipes and stretched out their legs with the satisfaction of men who have done a hard day's work and now are at ease, some one turned back on the talk in the drawing-room. It was, in fact, the minister of the Glen, who often stayed in that lodge between Sundays, and who, being a Highlander and still a lad in years, was touched with the romance of superstition and would have gone then—as, indeed, an old man now, he would still go—twenty miles to hear a ghost story. He had the idea that every man has at least one experience in his life—and he may have more than one—which he cannot explain on natural grounds and which therefore remains unsolved. When he put forward this view as a mere suggestion, and carelessly struck a match as if the subject were of no importance, a writing-man murmured, as he watched the smoke go up to the ceiling, that he rather thought there was something in it, and a veteran from the Indian frontier looked at the lighted end of his cheroot and declared he half-believed it. Then the minister, in his eager, boyish fashion, younger by far than any man present, made a proposal with fear and trembling. The company would be in that lodge unbroken for over fourteen days, which meant fourteen nights in the smoking-room, and, it might be, a wet day or two in the gun-room; and men, to say nothing of women—if, indeed, women should have part or lot in such a matter—could not talk forever about grouse. Why should not each man describe—for the passing of the time, simply that—anything which had happened to him and which he could not trace to its cause? And each man was to tell his tale upon the understanding that it was not to be taken for granted that he believed in the foolishness of ghosts; that he was not to adorn the tale with any picturesque circumstances for the amusement of his auditors.

The minister had suggested the idea of every man in the party telling an incident in his life which could not be explained on natural grounds, and it was inevitable that there should be much hesitation as to who should lead the way. One asked to be excused because he was the youngest, and it would not be respectful to precede his elders, and another because he believed he was the eldest and the young fellows went first nowadays; another because he had nothing worth telling, and a fourth because he wanted to think over what he had to tell, till at last the Indian soldier took his courage in both his hands. He wished us to understand that a man who had been fighting twenty years in frontier wars, where you never knew when you might have to turn out and hunt a mountain tribe, had no time for literature, and that he could not pretend to tell his yarn like a writing-man; but what he had to say was what had happened, and as it was still fresh in his experience he was sure of every detail. And we assured him that what we wanted was not eloquent fiction, but plain, downright fact—at least, what seemed fact to each man, for we were careful to distinguish between what really had been and what was our impression.

"When I came home last spring," he began, "after twenty years' thief-hunting in the Indian Highlands, I did not expect any of the friends of former days to remember me, for that kind of work doesn't leave you much time for correspondence; but some of them had seen an absurd paragraph in the papers which gave me credit for a lot of work done by other men, and so among other letters waiting for me on my arrival was one from Jack Stuart. Jack went into the Black Watch when I, for pecuniary reasons, as well as an unholy thirst for fighting, entered the Indian Army, where, if one is lucky, a fellow can fight from January to December for a quarter of a century, and only one skirmish out of a hundred be heard of at home.

A few years afterward Jack succeeded to his father's estate, and laid claim to an extinct peerage of extreme antiquity, and, having proved his case, became Baron Clunas. He now insisted that I should go down at once and resume the habits of civilized life, as he put it, in Clunas Castle, and in the society of his wife, who, he declared, being always a smooth-spoken Highlandman, was dying to see me. He also promised, with a pretty sharp remembrance of past days, that if any old fool proposed to associate my name with the toast of the Army and Navy he would put him in the guard-room, and that no person at Clunas would make the remotest reference to that confounded Victoria Cross. And upon those reasonable terms, because my heart was warm to old Jack, because I wanted to see how he looked as a Peer of Scotland—and it may be of the United Kingdom, for all I know—I packed up my home-kit, and after a first-rate journey in the good West-coast Express, reached Auchterlonie Junction at 6 P. M., two minutes before time, which was first-rate going. Jack was waiting on the platform, and I knew his old face at once, although he was stouter than he used to be, and looking, as the Scots folk say, 'more responsible.' No wonder! For he's Lord Lieutenant of his county now, and they say—but you fellows know more than I do about that—will be in the next Government. He was in great order, and nearly reduced my hand to a pulp, declaring that he hadn't been as happy since the day he was married, that there wasn't a bit of difference upon me after twenty years' campaigning, and all that sort of nonsense; but, all the same, it was pleasant to hear, for there are no friends like the old friends. And it wasn't half bad, either, to drive with Jack that June evening along the quiet country road and through the bonny green fields, and then up the avenue of arching beech trees, and to find one's self welcomed by a gracious woman in a Scots home of the ancient time.

"First of all, I must have tea; and I can tell you tea from a woman's hand in a Christian home, where you can go to sleep without your revolver close to your hand, makes a man 'feel good,' as the Americans say, after he's been living in tents and barracks for twenty years, sometimes not taking off his clothes for a week on end. While at tea Lady Clunas told me that they had had rather a calamity at the Castle, and almost thought they ought to wire to me not to come. Some children had arrived a few days before to spend a week or two with the younger members of the family, and now the whole lot were in for some infectious disease. They didn't know whether it was scarlet fever or chicken-pox, or what it was. They had removed the whole of the young folk to a wing of the Castle where the guests usually had their rooms, and they were completely shut off; and Lady Clunas hoped that I was not afraid of infection, and that I shouldn't mind not having as good a room as they would have liked to give me. Of course, I assured her that I didn't believe a microbe could get a footing upon such a sun-dried and weather-beaten old fellow as I was; and as regards rooms, if they only saw the places I had slept in, they might be sure any corner that kept out the rain would be luxury to me. I told them that I was awfully glad they had not canceled their invitation, and so I am to-day; but if you had asked me at 12:30 next morning whether I was comfortable, I tell you I would have exchanged my sleeping quarters in Clunas Castle for the windiest and coldest hillside on the frontier. After tea Clunas took me to my room, but I paid little attention to it, except that it was some distance from the heart of the house, and that it was large and old-fashioned. During dinner we talked of old days, what had become of this man and that man, what had happened at home and abroad; we tasted the former jests again and told the familiar stories of the past, and then we drifted to his peerage, and Jack explained that it was as old as the days of Queen Mary, that it had been lost in '45, being attainted for treason, and that every one had been pleased that his family had got it back again. The Castle had always been in their possession, although most of the land had come through a fortunate marriage; but he said the things he valued most of their hereditary possessions were certain relics of Queen Mary which had belonged to a relative when he was a lad, but had recently been left to him. I asked what kind of relics. 'All sorts of things,' he said, 'for you must know that the Clunas of that day was Mary's very good friend, and stuck by her through thick and thin, and it is said did some very curious things for her. Would you care to see them?' Jack asked.

"We were sitting at the time in his sanctum, which was half library, half smoking-room, where he kept his special possessions and did all his business. He rose and crossed to a recess, where he opened a heavy oak door and then showed me a safe built into the wall. 'As the things are rather valuable on account of their antiquity, we keep them locked up,' he said. Opening the safe door with a key which he carried in his pocket, he lifted out a box bound with iron, and opened it with another key which he took from a drawer in his writing-table. Then he laid the contents upon the table, and though I am not romantic, or any of that kind of thing, I felt as if I were in the presence of Queen Mary. There was a ciborium, described in an old catalogue: 'ane Lawer with a cowp and a cover of copper ennamallit, engraved with Old Testament subjects.' There was a locket formed of a cameo having on one side a representation of the crucifixion, and on the other the scourging of Christ, set in a gold frame with an agate cover; this locket was attached to a necklace of twenty pieces of agate all mounted in gold. There was also a hand-bell which was used by the Queen during her captivity, with the Royal Arms of Scotland upon it, and the monogram for Francis and Mary; and there was also a covered tankard of agate, having on the handle a lion's head and a rose.

"'Interesting, rather,' said Jack. 'Why, if one were a magician, or even a spiritualist, I suppose, with that necklace in his hand, he could summon up Queen Mary some night and repeat the scenes of long ago. One could correct the historians then and pick up lots of incidents that have been forgotten. She must have turned many a man's head that we never heard of, I dare say,' added Jack, 'and been in many a man's power whom she wanted to get rid of.' As he spoke he took up the only other article in the box and held it in his hand. It was a dagger with a short, strong handle made of silver, and a long, thin, steel blade of fine temper, and whose point was still keen. 'Is that another of the Queen's possessions?' I asked. 'It's a vicious-looking thing, and might very well have put the fear of death on Darnley. She was just the young woman, I suspect, to finger either the necklace or the dagger as suited her mood at the time. Has it any story attached to it?' 'Well,' said Clunas, 'there is a yarn about the thing which came rambling down from one person to another, till one of our people a century ago put it into writing. It isn't much, after all, and there may not be a word of truth in it, but its very existence shows the kind of thing that went on in those days at Holyrood. More Frenchmen than Chastelard were in love with Mary Stuart, and, if it be not blasphemy against our fair Queen, some of them were said to have been more fortunate. According to the story—but I only give it,' Clunas added, 'for what it's worth, and that, I dare say, is nothing—a French lord got this necklace as a pledge of love from Mary, and then he must needs talk of it, and there was black trouble in Holyrood. One night, drinking in a tavern, he boasted to Lord Seton of the necklace, and Seton gave him the lie direct, saying that he never had any such gift from the Queen, and that he was nothing but a liar. Whereupon it was agreed, before they parted, that Seton and the French lord should meet in duel in the Queen's park early next morning, and that the French lord should bring the necklace with him to prove that he had not lied. But Seton left, declaring that no necklace would ever be seen, that therefore he would need no rapier for the French lord, but that he would beat him with a dog-whip as a slanderer of the Queen. That night the Frenchman was stabbed to death in his bed within Holyrood, and the next day, when some rumor of the tavern quarrel went around the Court, the Queen laughed with scorn and said that the French lords forgot themselves, and as she laughed the courtiers saw the necklace around her neck. No one knew who had stabbed the French lord, and no one could speak true about the necklace; but this is certain, the

Editor's Note—This is the first of five stories by Doctor Watson, each complete in itself, and each dealing with a supernatural experience. The next story will appear in an early number.

Queen gave the necklace, before she went to England, to the Clunas of that day, and this dagger came down with it. I yield to no man,' concluded Jack, 'in admiration for Mary's beauty and her cleverness; but I rather think that the trimmie had the blood of more men upon her conscience than history ever tells.' As we smoked I took up the necklace in one hand and I held the dagger in the other, and I declare—of course, I ought to mention this, for it may bear on what happened—it seemed to me as if they were linked together, the murderous blade that may have let out many a man's life and the ornament for a queen's neck, with its sacred scenes carved in the locket, just as I've read somewhere that in those days religion and crime and intrigue and murder were all tied up together.

"'If you play any longer with that dagger, old man,' said Clunas, 'you'll be having nightmares. I think we had better lock the gruesome thing up along with the trinkets and turn in, for you've had a long journey, and twenty years without a decent sleep.' So he placed the relics in the box, shut it up in the safe, and started to convey me to my bedroom. It was then, and not before, that I noticed how far the room was from the other quarters of the Castle. It was reached by a long passage with a stone floor, which seemed to pass through a region of rooms stored with books, antiquities, and the general wreckage of centuries, which for some reason or other was preserved—very likely because no successor cared to dispose of an accumulation which contained the history of his family. We looked into one or two of the rooms, and when I reached my bedroom I had an impression of having traveled back three centuries and being in the middle of the sixteenth. The room itself required no apology from my host, for it was large and high, and I had noticed that its two windows looked out upon a beautiful stretch of green and trees. Its furniture, I could see at a glance, belonged to the days of long ago, and would have fetched a large sum in a London auction room from the people who ransack the country for old oak and the fashions of the past. With the exception of a modern armchair drawn near to the fire—for even in early summer a fire is welcome at Clunas Castle—and the sitz bath in a corner of the room, and my things laid out on the dressing-table, there was nothing modern in my bedroom. Every bit of furniture looked as if it had a history and deserved special study; but the chief features of the room were the bed and a huge cabinet. The bed was of enormous size, and I judged must measure eight feet by six at least. It was, indeed, so enormous that I chaffed my host about it.

"'Well, if I have to make up twenty years' arrears of decent Christian sleep, you have fairly equipped me for the task. Why, man, that bed would hold three people, one way; and if they chose to sleep across the bed there would be room for four. Where did this gorgeous ark come from?'

"'They say, if you must have it, that it started its history in Holyrood Palace, and that the curtains were embroidered by Mary's own hand. They are certainly very much like some work of hers which we possess; but then it has always been a joke in our family that everything ought to be assigned to Mary.'

"'And this magnificent cabinet—for it would be a shame to call it wardrobe—did Queen Mary keep her dresses in it, or was it honored with her library? It was fit to hold her jewels. What a magnificent piece of work! I suppose the doors open?' For the front consisted of two great carved doors with a canopy above.

"'It is rather a fine piece of furniture,' Jack said indifferently. 'People that know say the workmanship is perfect. It seems to me rather a gloomy-looking ornament for a bedroom; and although I suppose it was used at one time, and it came to us, so the tradition runs, along with the bed, it's not much use now, for there is so little practical accommodation inside, and the doors are so heavy to work, that it's never opened; and as this room is very rarely used, and never by women, you will see a wardrobe has been rigged up in that recess with curtains. Well, I hope you have everything and that you'll be comfortable. I'm only sorry that you're not in brighter quarters; but if there's any one can hold an outpost, they say you're the man.'

"I closed the door after him. I heard him tramp along the stone passage, where he closed one or two doors of rooms which we had left open, and then I heard the big door shut that cut off the wing from the centre of the Castle, and I was in solitary possession of the whole place.

"It was only a quarter past eleven, and from eleven to twelve in an English bedroom, except in the height of summer, is one of the most pleasant experiences of the day, especially to a man who has been for years out of his country. What I generally do is to get into my easiest coat and softest shoes, to pull the most comfortable chair opposite the fire, and to settle down for an hour's reading with the most interesting book I can lay my hands on in the house. This is a reward for a day's work of twenty years' exile; for there are no bedrooms anywhere like the ones in England—and, of course, I mean Scotland, also, for it seems to me quite childish to be obliged to talk of Great Britain and Ireland when you mean the home country. As regards the furniture of the room, I honestly confess I never examine it. If there's a good hard bed and a good soft chair, plenty of water and a glass to shave by, with a peg or two for your kit, I ask no more and don't care what else is in the room.

"That night, however—and I am keeping the bargain about telling everything—I did not sit down at least for a quarter of an hour in the armchair, and partly because—well, I may at once admit it—I felt doubtful about that room, and thought I had better make a reconnaissance just to make sure that there were no Afridis, either Indian or Scots, in the brushwood. First of all I satisfied myself that the black wardrobe was really locked, and about that there could be no question. I then explored the recesses of the room, where there were one or two little cabinets which were empty, and, indeed, could not have held anything larger than a cat, and finally I gave my attention to the bed. The bedding was all modern, I was glad to find, with a good stiff mattress which must have been made by special order. I studied the embroidery with a candle, and imagined the fingers that worked on the now faded silk, and the face that bent over it—beautiful, of course—in fact, grew quite poetical.

"There could be no doubt that I had the room to myself, or, at least, that if there was any one in the room he was safely secured; and then I sat down to read John Inglesant. It seems to me, though I don't pretend to be a judge of books, awfully well done, and to make the old days of the seventeenth century quite real, even to a man who doesn't know much about it; but I could not get into the spirit of the book, even though I established the chair where I could see the whole room, laughing at myself as an old fool, and chaffing myself for imagining that I was once more on watch for the enemy. So I closed the book, undressed, and got into bed; but there was something on my nerves, and I placed my revolver within reach. The bed was so huge that I could not make up my mind where to sleep in it, and finally—I wish you to remember this, for the arrangement explains the situation—as I do not use a bolster and pillow, being accustomed, as you can understand, to sleep with a low head, I removed the bolster and divided, as it were, the bed with it, so that it was as if two people were sleeping in it side by side. Then I put a pillow under my head, and as the firelight played upon the embroidery of the curtains and the carved work of the cabinet, I fell a-speculating how many persons had slept in that bed, and how many had died in it; and then I wondered whether any one had been murdered in it; and then at last the silk roses on the curtains and the black oak-heads on the wardrobe got mixed up together, and I began to talk in a friendly way with Queen Mary, and she asked me questions about the frontier, and I offered her John Inglesant to read, and so I fell asleep.

"I had not slept long, perhaps half an hour—it could not have been much past twelve o'clock when I woke, for the fire was still burning and one could still see things in the room. What made me wake, as I consider, was the creaking of a door, and I turned my eyes at once to the cabinet. As I looked, one of the doors seemed to shake as if it were moved from behind; but I said to myself that this was only the effect of the light of the fire shimmering on its face. Then I heard it distinctly creak, as if its lower edge were rasping over wood. The other door began to move, and I sat up in bed. Was there some one concealed in that mysterious piece of furniture, and was I, after all my Indian fighting, to be now a party in a burglary squabble? or—and the past took hold upon me. Another creak, and the two doors were distinctly coming out. Whatever be the cause, the cabinet would soon reveal itself, and it was just as well to be prepared. I reached out my hand for the revolver. The door nearest me was now clear of the woodwork, and began slowly to turn out, and I threw off the bedclothes. The other door swung itself clear with a further creak and also turned outward. Perhaps, after all, they had never been locked, and heat plays curious tricks with furniture, making it speak and opening its doors; but it would be just as well to take no chances. It seemed to me that now, if it were simply that the temperature had cooled, and the doors, which had expanded in the heat, had now contracted, and were opening of their own accord, they ought to swing more quickly; whereas they were being opened gently and stealthily, as if some one were behind them, but did not wish his presence to be known. Besides, had not the cabinet been locked? Altogether, it was only wise to be on guard, and I quietly slipped out of the bed on the side farther from the wardrobe, and from the shadow in the distant corner of the room, with revolver in hand, watched events.

"Well, to go on, and to describe what, at any rate, I believe I saw, the two doors were still being quietly and, as I should put it, carefully opened—and was that a hand? Almost unconsciously I felt, just to be sure, that my revolver was in working order. Yes, the light could not have created those four white fingers—their whiteness impressed me at the moment, and—you know how quickly the brain works—suggested the hand of a gentleman. I knew this was not a burglar—and yet? The doors were now more than half open, and in the recess of the cabinet I could indistinctly trace the outline of a figure, but not in our dress. Still they were opening and were now three-quarters back, and without doubt, half standing, half crouching, there was a man within the cabinet who was pushing the doors open with great caution. As one of them was now between the interior of the cabinet and the light of the fire, I could see nothing more but that he was there, and that he was stirring as if about to make his exit. First I saw his foot come out and descend to the floor, for the cabinet was raised above a foot from the level of the floor. I saw his leg to the knee, and recognized the dress of the sixteenth century, and, so far as I could tell, that of a nobleman. Then the blackness turned into a cloak, the other foot appeared, and the figure was now in the shadow made by the open door. The face I could not see because of the shadow and because of what seemed to me to be a velvet bonnet brought down low on the forehead, while the left hand of the figure raised a cloak and covered the lower part of the face, but the right hand seemed to be free.

"I was now convinced either that I was the subject of a fool's trick, which was impossible, or that—and there one must leave it. I felt a drop of perspiration trickle down my forehead and fall on the back of the hand which held the revolver. The figure crept forward in a crouching attitude and now was clear of the door, but even out of the shadow I could see nothing of the face except a whiteness and two eyes, partly because the light was faint, but chiefly because of the bonnet and the cloak. It crept to the bedside, while I—well, I raised the revolver to defend myself, and yet with a curious double sense that a revolver was a useless thing, being three centuries out of date. The figure by then was at the bedside and seemed to be searching, as one looks for a place to strike, and then suddenly I saw the right hand, which before I had only noticed in the cloak, lifted, and the light shone on the dagger which I had seen that evening in the box. Then the dagger descended with a lightning stroke upon what well might have been the sleeping form of a man on that side of the bed. Once, twice, and then I fired. Even as I aimed and pulled the trigger I knew it was no use, but it was all that I could do, and—I must do something, after which I fainted.

"When I came to myself it was three o'clock and the room was full of light. I was lying in the corner where I had been standing, and the revolver by my side. My first glance was at the bed, where I saw the clothes flung back as I had left them. With an effort I rose till I could see across the bed to the cabinet. The doors were closed, and it looked as it had done when I entered the room. There was no trace of any disturbance, and when I examined the bolster there was no dagger mark. Had it been all a dream? And perhaps I should have come to that conclusion had it not been that one chamber of the revolver was empty, and that I must have fainted in that corner.

"Next morning, to satisfy myself, and on the excuse of interest in the cabinet, I got Clunas to hunt about until a key was found that would open it. Of course it was empty, but in the back of it there was the hole, which only I detected, made by a revolver bullet which had passed through the wood and lodged in the wall behind. Yes, I slept for four nights afterward in that room, but I saw nothing more, and all I say about the incident is this: that it would have been better for that French lord either to have had nothing to do with Queen Mary—who was a curse to every one who loved her—or else never to have slept in a room with a closed oaken cabinet."

Make Way for the Man

By Charles Eugene Banks

LET us have peace; no craven's peace,
Nor sluggard's, to gape and dream,
But the strenuous peace of the land's increase,
And the powerful beat of steam;
Let the cannon of Commerce roar over the fields,
And the bugles of Brotherhood play—
For the arm of the Man, and the brain of the Man,
And the grit of the Man, make way.

Let us have peace; no timid peace
That doubtful clings to its place,
But the free, brave peace of the old-time Greece
And the faith of a patriot race;
Let the vision of Virtue enrapture the gaze,
And the bolts of Integrity stay—
For the arm of the Man, and the brain of the Man,
And the nerve of the Man, make way.

Let us have peace; no anchored peace
That holds its sails in the slips,
But the peace that sweeps all the strange blue deeps
With the keels of its own great ships;
With Honor commanding, and Truth at the helm,
And Beauty to welcome the spray—
For the nerve and muscle and brawn and brain,
For the soul of the Man, make way.

BETWEEN THE LINES

DOES Kipling hold his American popularity? As to this there have been different opinions. Very recently his present publishers bought back some 5500 sets of a comparatively inexpensive edition of his works which had been taken by a jobbing house and remained on hand. They announce that they are obtaining buyers. The Just-So Stories are said to meet with favor. Possibly there is something of a Kipling revival, but his American experiences have been curiously checkered.

When Kipling first appeared in New York he came in the character of an Indian journalist who was making a trip around the world. He was unknown, his means were limited, and he had some stories to sell. He presented himself most modestly at one of the old publishing houses with his manuscript, which was summarily declined. There are different ways of declining manuscripts. In this case the refusal left a wound. Mulvaney and Ortheris and the other heroes of the Soldiers Three tales were shown the door. Later some of these stories were printed in his newspaper at Allahabad. Some of them were collected by an Indian publisher in a humble paper edition. They made their way to England and then to America, and Kipling's star had risen.

All this was before the days of international copyright and the pirates were presently fattening on Kipling's wonderful tales. His early American experiences were unfortunate. His journey across the continent left some unsavory memories. The rejection of his stories by a house of standing and their subsequent piracy possibly accentuated his criticisms of American ways. At the time his future brother-in-law, the lamented Wolcott Balestier, was the English representative of a somewhat remarkable New York publishing house which had a meteoric career, and his early books went to that house only to be engulfed in its collapse. The pirates laid hands on everything in sight. Kipling may have begun to regard America as his evil genius.

Later, his books were properly protected and placed with reputable publishers here and there, and, after a time, came a collected edition. The wave of popular sympathy which accompanied his illness in New York a few years since is well remembered. Then came a strenuous effort on the part of his representatives to remedy the evils of the past and to protect his books. One publisher of unquestioned position had, somewhat indiscreetly, made up a small collected edition himself by buying sheets. He was sued, unsuccessfully. Possibly there was some reaction in popular sentiment after the stress of extreme sympathy. Possibly there was some feeling that Kipling's representatives were too insistent. An authorized collected edition was made at a low price, but its reception seemed to indicate some turn in the tide. Doubtless under the new arrangement it will be disposed of. His newer books have been successful, but they have not had the success of many American books. Kipling himself is nothing if not positive. A positive nature provokes antagonisms. Absurd little incidents of his life in America were magnified by yellow journals. He abandoned The Naulahka, his beautiful home on a hillside near Brattleboro, but his village life in England has not been free from friction. Possibly he is learning that human nature is much the same despite differences in countries. He was treated unjustly by American newspapers, but that was a temporary evil. Kipling remains Kipling, although there may be some ebb and flow in the quality of his work and its popular favor. As to his strenuousness it is said that Theodore Roosevelt was much disturbed by Kipling's caustic criticisms upon America until the men met. Their meeting was followed by a battle royal, but each man learned to respect the sincerity of the other, and out of their frank discussion grew a lasting mutual regard.

Tales of Brine and Breeze

It is an uncommonly able lot of daring skippers and light-heeled boats that Mr. James B. Connolly depicts in his Out of Gloucester *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*. We suspect that Mr. Connolly's life in the fo'c's'le and cabin has been more intimate than Mr. Kipling's, although Captains Courageous proved the latter's marvelous power of quick assimilation. We think of Mr. Connolly as joining in the pipes and talk of these weatherbeaten sailormen and listening to the tale of the Lucy Foster's desperate race from George's Banks, the outwitting of the English officers by The Echo, and Tammie Ohlsen's Western Passage. The skippers tell their own stories and nothing of the flavor is lost in the telling. These are capital sea yarns, well flavored with the free salt spray, tingling with the ocean breeze, and alive with a robust and fearless and jovial humanity.

Autumn Melancholy

Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam is a comparatively new comer, but her name is known of all magazine readers and she has some half-dozen books to her credit. Her child-life tales are stories about children rather than for children, but that does not lessen their charm and quality. In her new book of stories, Whom the Gods Destroyed *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*, she has chosen a very different theme. She pictures the penalties of genius. She shows the creative power lost in ruined lives. These studies with other tragedies of the soul and life make up a book which shows artistic quality, to our mind, misapplied. The gloom of the young writer is nothing new. The pessimism of youth is often more poignant than that of age. Miss Daskam's melancholy is infectious, but only for a time. Her book reflects a mood, but happily not the confirmed character of a writer whose talent is too fine to be permanently devoted to analysis of dead souls.

Hope in Harness

When the light comedian's ambition turns to heavy parts there is danger. Since we have all read the Zenda romances, the comparison is imperfect in the case of Anthony Hope, but in his new novel, The Intrusions of Peggy *(Harper & Brothers)*, this brilliant romancer and satirist leaves a feeling of labor, and of labor in a not wholly congenial field. One may not insist upon the sword-play of Zenda or the light touch of the Dolly Dialogues rather than the social and financial London which Benson, Magnus and others have studied, but the lack of spontaneity is much in evidence. An engaging widow's entrance upon the social swim, its entanglements with a worse than caddish politician and an unsavory financier, and the heroic feats of the rescuing Peggy, the Bohemian soubrette who is the best character in the little drama—all these are figures not unfamiliar in the novel of London life, and their performances are watched with an interest more languid than Mr. Hawkins is wont to arouse among his readers.

One may call the story readable—Mr. Hawkins is always that—but it is injudicious of the publisher to claim "the interest of Zenda and the wit of the Dolly Dialogues." The challenge is too direct, the references too suggestive.

A Departure in Illustration

It is a hopeful and encouraging thing to find good work that succeeds from the first on its own merits. Both Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green and Miss Jessie Willcox Smith are, as honors go in their world, young to their profession, and both from the first have won a steadily increasing and well-deserved praise. (This magazine recalls with pleasure that it was the first to discern and publish the merits in Miss Green's work.) Both pupils of Mr. Pyle, they associated with them another Pyle student, Miss Violet Oakley. All three early found an individual and complete expression. All three work in sympathy, with something of the same method of treatment and the same handling running through the work of all—as three thinkers, each intent on his own idea, might use the same speech. This, again, is a hopeful sign, full of a fine self-recognition and freedom from petty distrust.

Miss Oakley's bent has carried her more to designing and window work, where her love of color had freer play, but Miss Green and Miss Smith have been steady contributors to the magazines. Their Child's Calendar *(Charles J. Beck, Jr., Philadelphia)* is an excellent example of their most recent work. Six drawings and a cover pair the months in divisions that correspond loosely to the four seasons—there is the child in the nursery, the child in the orchard and the child in the garden. Each drawing, with its accompanying table of days and weeks, has a large full sheet to itself.

The work has nothing of the Christmas card or of the usual holiday calendar about it. There is no flippancy, no cheap *chic* about it. The drawing is steady and always well within itself. The color is modest and rich, full and pervasive. There is both comedy and pathos. Nothing could be more quaintly smiling than Miss Green's analogy of the little white-dressed toddler buried under his mother's garden hat with the mushrooms at his feet—or more tenderly suggestive than the brooding motherhood of the little girl with the doll. Such work was most fortunate in getting the excellent reproduction and printing the publishers give it.

Diplomacy and Letters

Not the least attractive fruit of the union of letters and diplomacy which has distinguished our foreign service is the announcement that our Minister to Spain, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, has written a novel which is to appear next year. The author of Passe Rose has made too infrequent contributions to literature, and the personality of one of the truest of our literary artists is too little known. Mr. Hardy illustrates American versatility. He was graduated from West Point but resigned after a brief service in the army. He was professor of civil engineering in Iowa College and of civil engineering and later of mathematics at Dartmouth. Like Mr. Howells he was for a time the editor of the Cosmopolitan Magazine. A club might be formed of the literary men who have been connected with that magazine, usually for a brief period. His first diplomatic appointment was to Persia, and afterward he served in Greece and Switzerland, and recently passed to Spain. With every temptation to cosmopolitanism it is of some interest to know that Mr. Hardy has remained faithful to his native soil, and the scenes of his new novel are said to be laid in New Hampshire and New York.

After the Crisis

Now that Mr. Winston Churchill is launched upon a political career by his election to the New Hampshire Legislature the future holds various possibilities. Doubtless his ambition extends beyond the preservation of the New Hampshire forests. He has chosen the more strenuous side of public life, and perhaps as the climax of his efforts he aspires to a seat in the United States Senate. Whatever his aspirations the readers of his books will wish him well. As a rule the "literary man" has entered public life by appointment and usually in the diplomatic service, although President Roosevelt is an author who has been tested in the crucible of popular elections. John Hay and Assistant Secretary of State Hill are conspicuous examples of authors in public life at Washington; Andrew D. White, Arthur Sherburne Hardy and General Porter are others on a roll which has borne in the past the names of Hawthorne, Lowell, Bancroft, Motley, Taylor, and others.

The coming year should bring a new novel from Mr. Churchill, whose conscientious work produces one book in two or three years. It has been hinted that his next book will not deal with American life after the Civil War, but that he will revert to the first third of the last century. It is not unlikely that the new novel may touch upon the Louisiana Purchase. Its centennial comes next year and Mr. Churchill has close affiliations with St. Louis.

The Gentle Art of Nodding

Some one has claimed that Mr. R. W. Chambers has been taking liberties with the moon. Another critical soul is moved thereby to point out that Rider Haggard in one of his stories places the crescent moon as well as the glow of sunrise in the East, and that he also describes a solar eclipse as lasting half an hour, whereas its usual duration is about eight minutes. Stevenson brings up the new moon at 2 A. M., although as a matter of fact the sun rises first. But these slips are less obvious than two famous examples. In his account of Dotheboy's Hall Dickens describes a boy as weeding the garden in one sentence and presently states that it was freezing weather.

In the good old Swiss Family Robinson the dog Bill, constantly mentioned as Bill, finally produces a litter of puppies. The gentle art of nodding is not confined to Homer alone.

—*J. W.*

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XUM

Recollections of M. de Blowitz: Alva

(Concluded from Page 3)

The talk was a long one and more than once he exclaimed:

"What, this girl whom you call Alva is the daughter of that adorable, that ever memorable Princess who was the great star of my youth, and whose mystery I have never been able to fathom. I will do everything, but what can I do?"

"You must go to see M. Waddington," I replied, "to destroy the effect of the abominable calumnies that have been told him, to show to him the infamy of the whole spoliation in which they want to make him their accomplice, and if he refuses to listen to you declare to him that you will ask for your passports."

"Yes," said he, "I will do all that, save the last portion, for if I declare that in case of refusal I shall ask for my passports he will find himself the object of a threat to which he cannot yield without compromising the dignity of his country. I shall confine myself, therefore, to the first portion of this program, and we shall see what happens."

This he did, and as a consequence M. Waddington told him that he would submit the case to a still closer examination and inform him as to the result.

We waited two days, but nothing happened. I returned to see Prince Orloff.

"This, no doubt," said I, "is what is taking place. They find themselves between the pressing intervention of two powerful Ambassadors. They are going to try to drag the affair along and they will inform the adverse Ambassador to hasten to present, without further delay, the promised proof. But we, on our side, have no time to lose. Every day is a menace and we ought to push the matter forward or all is up."

"What, then, do you advise?" asked the Prince.

"I will tell you," said I. "Your Excellency, I am well aware, cannot directly threaten to hand in his passports, but I can go to see M. Waddington and tell him that if he refuses to accomplish this act of justice which you demand, you are bound to consider it as a personal offense and will then feel bound to demand your passports with some stir."

"But he will think you are merely making use of an argument," was the reply, "and will pay no heed to it."

"No," said I, "if you will do what I ask, I will say to him, if he expresses any doubt, that, to prove to him the accuracy of my words, you will go to see him at 4:45—a quarter of an hour, that is, before what they call the signing hour, when visitors cannot stay on—and that you will merely say to him, in giving him your hand, without another word: 'I come to say that I have authorized M. de Blowitz to speak to you as he has done and I hope that on my next visit I shall have to thank you.' Then you will give him a good handshake and take your leave."

"So be it," he answered, "only let me know if he expects me."

The Last Unraveling of the Tangle

When I had explained to M. Waddington the motive of my visit he exclaimed, troubled and almost angry at the same time, "But it's a *raison d'état* that you are creating thus. You are putting two great Ambassadors against each other. Yet we cannot forget Prince Orloff's attitude in 1875, when the German military party threatened us with a second invasion. I await Prince Orloff's visit, and if he comes I promise you that I will carry the whole business before the President of the Republic and insist upon it."

Prince Orloff's visit took place, and three days later M. Waddington sent for me.

"The President, the Minister of Justice and I have had two talks during the last three days and here is our decision. We cannot offend the adverse Embassy, and I have declared that the situation cannot go on as it is. We shall wait six days longer, and if within that period the incontestable justification has not reached us the Minister of Justice will order the annulling of the opposition. Moreover, the present situation is unprecedented. Neither the lady who possesses the fortune nor those who formulate opposition can justify, nor probably ever will be able to prove, a right to this property; and if this should go on we should be obliged to hand over these values to the *Caisse des dépôts et Consignations*, which would probably be the end of them, thus bequeathing to the state endless difficulties for the future which we should try to avoid. Your *protégée*, however, has for her the right of possession, and it is out of respect for this right that we are acting. Tell her to hold herself in readiness, for I do not think, according to the replies I have received, that this justification can arrive in time. On the thirty-first, at noon, if the period elapses without the arrival of the proofs, you will come to see me and I will tell you what has occurred."

At the appointed hour I was with M. Waddington. He informed me that orders had just been given and that at 3:30 the opposition would be annulled, but that as, in spite of the evidence, the proof could arrive at any moment, he urged us to lose no time.

Marsa and Alva were mad with joy. It was not only their fortune, but their honor, their liberty, their life that were at stake. Two enormous boxes had been prepared in advance to contain the papers. At 3:30 Marsa, Alva and Hugot went to the bank, whither I had refused to accompany them, and where without any obstacle being thrown in their way the cashier delivered the papers over, and they were immediately nailed down on the spot, the boxes being banded. As there had been no time to detach the coupons the bank itself bought and paid, cash down, certain securities amounting to 200,000 francs which Marsa took, and that very evening Hugot, accompanied by two policemen in civilian's dress, embarked for London where he deposited the money in the old bank.

As M. Waddington had urged me to induce these ladies to quit Paris as soon as possible Marsa spent the next three days in settling to the last centime all her Paris bills, and on the fifth of the month following at 11 A.M., everything having been packed and folded, they left for England.

I went with them as far as Calais and came back to the steamer quay when the warning whistle for the departure blew.

Editor's Note—This is the third paper in the series, and the concluding half of the history of the Princess Alva. The next paper will appear in a January issue.

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What is regarded by Government experts as a great piece of good fortune is the importation, during the last year, of scions and buds of the veritable Jordan almond, obtained from Spain and brought to this country through the efforts of one of our agricultural explorers.

For a number of years past California has produced large quantities of almonds, and in 1901 her output was no less than 5,500,000 pounds of these nuts, so valuable for a great variety of uses, and more especially for the manufacture of certain kinds of sweetmeats and confectionery. Nevertheless, during the same twelvemonth we were obliged to import $683,000 worth of almonds from Spain, simply because the Jordan almonds, everywhere recognized as the best, could be obtained from no other source of supply.

The California almond is a good nut, but not equal to the Jordan almond, which, by reason of its large size and particularly fine shape, is highly prized by confectioners. The best sugared almonds are made from Jordan almonds, which have been grown hitherto exclusively in certain districts of Spain.

Naturally, the Spanish growers have not been disposed to sell or give away their stock in trade, and hence there was a good deal of difficulty in obtaining the much desired grafts.

Recently, however, some scions and buds of the precious variety were secured, and the Department of Agriculture is utilizing them for the purpose of reproducing the Jordan almond in this country. Properly grafted stock will be distributed among California growers, and within a few years from the present time the Golden State will doubtless produce all of the high-grade nuts we shall require in our business.

There is good reason for believing, though it has not been proved, that the peach was originally developed from the almond by an accidental variation. A variety of almond native to America is common among the rocky hills of Southern California. It is called the "desert plum," and is a low, bushy shrub, bearing an abundance of rose-red blossoms. The fruit is only about half an inch long, and has never been cultivated.

Uncle Sam's Medicine Garden

The Department of Agriculture is starting experiments in the cultivation of drug and medicinal plants, and about an acre is being devoted to this purpose in the neighborhood of Washington, including a patch on the Potomac flats and another bit of land on the new model Government farm at Arlington.

Secretary Wilson says that we pay something like $8,000,000 per annum for such plants imported from abroad, and there is no reason why we should not save most of this money if we would only take the trouble to find out how to do it. No attention whatever has been paid to this kind of gardening in the United States, and comparatively little is known about the climatic and other soil conditions demanded. Before long, however, the Government experts will have got together a lot of facts which will be published in a little book for the instruction of farmers.

The experiments are being made under the direction of Mr. F. V. Coville, Uncle Sam's botanist-in-chief. Small plats are being grown of belladonna, digitalis, stramonium, aconite, arnica, hyoscyamus, valerian, golden seal, Seneca snakeroot, and the opium poppy that yields the familiar drug of commerce. Belladonna is better known as deadly nightshade, digitalis is foxglove, stramonium is jimson-weed, aconite is the monk's-hood of old gardens, and hyoscyamus is henbane.

There is money in the culture of these drug plants, it is believed, and the experiments will be pushed with a view to ascertaining not only the best methods of growing them, but also what areas of this country are best adapted for the production of the different kinds of medicinal crops. Thus before very long we may become comparatively independent of foreign sources of supply in the matter of materia medica.

Famine Grain from the Bamboo

What might almost be called a modern miracle was recorded during the last summer in India, where the bamboo flowered and bore seed—an event which occurs not more than twice in a century. It was extremely fortunate, inasmuch as the large crop of "bamboo rice" thus produced matured in a famine year, and kept hundreds of thousands of people from starving.

The reason for this famine habit in bamboo does not under ordinary circumstances bear seed, but when, on rare occasions, it does so, through the operation of causes not at all understood, the flowering and production of grain are liable to be general over wide areas. For example, this occurred over 1200 square miles in the Chanda district last summer, the phenomenon being so universal that only a few clumps of bamboo here and there failed to exhibit it. Not only the old bamboos, but even the slender young seedlings blossomed and bore fruit.

There are, of course, a great many species of bamboos. Several of them produce edible seed occasionally, and in the Chanda district it was chiefly the common Dendrocalamus, or pen tree, that flowered. Elsewhere in India there were other varieties that fruited, and whole populations flocked to the forests. The grain is very nutritious, much resembling oats in appearance, and is collected by cutting the tall culms, laying them on the ground, and beating them with sticks, the seeds being afterward gathered by children and winnowed. They are then crushed in a mortar as a necessary preliminary to making them into bread.

Unfortunately, the flowering of the bamboo means the death of the plant. So general has the recent flowering been in parts of India that a bamboo famine must surely ensue. It takes ten years or more for the large species to attain anything like full growth, and meanwhile there must be a scarcity of a material which is made to serve a greater variety of purposes than any other substance on the face of the earth.

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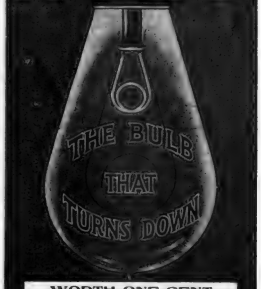

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The Reading Table

A Defense of the Volcano

That the volcanic activity of the past few months has its objectionable side cannot be denied. Mont Pelée, La Soufrière and Santa Marta have classified themselves with Etna and Vesuvius as bad neighbors. Yet the volcano has its good points and its uses. In fact, its uses are so transcendent that it is hard to see how things could go on in the world without ultimate disaster in its absence. It may be humiliating to confess our dependence on the volcano, but, even with such things as Hecla and Stromboli, let us be frank. Moreover, the thought may restrain some tendency to question things as they are—in Nature, at least.

The volcano supplies the air with carbon, and it is from this element in the atmosphere that the carbon in our bodies comes. We get it from the plants we eat, or from the flesh of animals which eat plants. All this green mantle covering the earth is taking in carbon from the air, as our lungs take in oxygen, and thus tends to make the air poorer and poorer in its plant-food, notwithstanding that much of the drain is replaced by the processes of decay in which carbon is given back. Much of it, however, is laid away in the earth in such permanent deposits as coal and limestone, petroleum and natural gas. In a few centuries so much would be thus subtracted that plants could not grow. Plant-eating animals would starve, their flesh-eating cousins would accompany them to some more simple state of being. The effect upon the human race would be, from a sublunary standpoint, distinctly disastrous. We should die from a lack of that which the elder Pliny had in superfluity. The balance between death and life is ever a delicate one.

This otherwise fatal waste of carbon is replaced by the volcanoes. The olive-oil for yesterday's salad, the fat for to-day's mutton-chop, may be a part of those same fumes which smothered Pliny. This is not stated as having any tendency to assuage our grief for him, or with any expectation that it will render Mont Pelée or Santa Marta any the more popular, but as a fact. It was an atmosphere carrying too much carbon which smothered the Roman scientist, which mercifully asphyxiated the people of Pompeii and Herculaneum before the ashes and lava reached them, which only in the other day strewed the slopes of Santa Marta with corpses, and devastated Martinique and St. Vincent. Our Parisian cousins generate it from charcoal and use it for suicidal purposes. Fatal to life as it is, it is an essential ingredient of the atmosphere, and one which would long since have been exhausted had it not been for the fumes belched forth by our friends the volcanoes.

There was once an old lady who prided herself on having always something good to say of the dead. One day she stood by the grave of one who had done good, if at all, by such stealth that she was nonplused for words of praise. As the first clods fell upon the coffin, however, she found words and saved her rule of funeral etiquette. "He was a good smoker!" said she. We may say the same in memory of any extinct volcano; he was a good smoker. Only let us say it at a safe distance, remembering what many people have forgotten with fatal results, that Vulcan sometimes banks his fires for a very long time, and the volcano may not be as extinct as it looks; and when the seismic bellows begins to blow may of a sudden throw off its lethargy and become a very flaming forge of the gods.

Immigrants in Fur and Feathers

During the last fiscal year 250,000 birds were imported into this country under permits issued by the Department of Agriculture, and of this number 200,000 were cage birds, including 180,000 canaries. All cage birds that arrive are now regularly inspected, to make sure that there are no undesirable species among them. The work involved has become so great that three inspectors are on duty at the port of New York, and the service has recently been extended to the Hawaiian Islands, with an inspector at Honolulu.

The first North African ostriches ever brought to this country for propagation were imported during the last year, being taken to an ostrich farm at Pasadena, California. In the same period 200 mammals of non-domesticated species were brought in, and one mongoose and two fruit bats were excluded, together with two or three specimens of the kohlmeise, which is the common titmouse of Europe. A titmouse is not a kind of mouse, but a bird, and it is objectionable because of its habit of attacking smaller birds, splitting open their skulls to get at their brains. Also, it eats fruit.

The mongoose, on the other hand, is not a bird, but a mammal. It has been introduced in Porto Rico and Hawaii, and has done a great amount of damage. True, it devours rats and snakes, but it is equally fond of chickens, and wherever known has come to be regarded as a first-class pest. If it should once get a foothold in the United States there is no telling how much trouble it might cause. Young pigs, lambs, and even puppies and kittens suffer from its depredations.

Bats are classified by the United States Treasury, which manages the business of inspecting the imported animals, as birds. That is not a matter of serious importance, however. The point of consequence is, that whereas American bats are insect-eaters and harmless, the fruit bats of Southern Asia and Polynesia, sometimes brought hither as curiosities, are most destructive. Certain species of huge size, known as flying foxes, attack fruit trees, and a flock of them will despoil a large orchard in a single night.

Since 1894 the importation of eggs of game birds has been prohibited by law, because of the danger of introducing undesirable species, but Congress at its last session modified this regulation, and until further notice the eggs of wild turkeys, grouse, pheasants, partridges, quail, bustards, rails, swans, geese, ducks and tinamous will be admitted.

The Happy Hammock Hours

Congressman Cannon, who is a power in argument and quick at repartee, enjoys displays of similar resourcefulness in others.

During a hot summer campaign in Illinois he sought temporary rest in a hammock stretched under the trees in the yard of a country hotel. From his window the shade looked inviting, but on the spot he found the lawn strewn with tomato cans, potato peelings and other débris. On many of these more or less unsanitary mounds were myriads of flies.

"I had no sooner stretched myself in the hammock," said Mr. Cannon, "than these flies attacked me, seemingly by the million. It was intolerable, and in no pleasant frame of mind I looked up the proprietor.

"'What do you mean,' I demanded, 'by stretching your hammock in that fly-haunted field of torture you call a lawn?'

"'I know the flies are bad out there now,' he answered, 'but, Mr. Cannon, you ought to use the hammock during hammock hours, and you'd have no trouble from the flies.'

"'What are hammock hours?' I inquired.

"'From 12 noon to 2 P. M. daily,' he replied. 'During those hours flies will not attack you in the hammock.'

"I was much interested in the man's Socratic skill in evading the issue, and wishing to draw him out I asked:

"'Why are there no flies around the hammock between 12 and 2?'

"'Oh,' he rejoined, 'at that time they're all in the dining-room.'"

LIMERICKS

By W. H. Alexander

I

SAID an up-to-date girl to her beau,
"You are awfully, awfully slow;
If you don't get a hump
On your amorous bump,
I shall bid you good-evening and go."

II

A Chinaman barber whose queue
Had been daubed by an urchin with glucue,
Grabbed a hickory limb
And remarked unto him,
"I've a velly good stick here for yucue."

III

He belonged to the swellest élite,
And was specially proud of his fête;
They were neatly equipped,
But one day they slipped,
And he promptly secured a back seite.

IV

They stood by the moon-lighted quay,
Just as happy as bathers could buay,
Till a strong undertow
Snatched the maid from her beau,
And carried her outward to suay.

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THE PIT

(*Continued from Page 11*)

"Jadwin! You mean J.—Curtis—my friend?"

Crookes grunted an affirmative.

"But—why, he told me he was out of the market—for good."

Crookes did not seem to consider that the remark called for any useless words. He put his hands in his pockets and looked at Cressler.

"Does he know—do you suppose he could have heard that I was in this clique of yours?"

"Not unless you told him yourself."

Cressler stood up, clearing his throat.

"I have not told him, Mr. Crookes," he added. "You would do me an especial favor if you would keep it from the public, from everybody, from Mr. Jadwin, that I was a member of this ring."

Crookes swung around his chair and faced his desk.

"Bosh! You don't suppose I'm going to talk, do you?"

"Well! . . . Good-morning, Mr. Crookes."

"Good-morning."

Left alone, Crookes took a turn the length of the room. Then he paused in the middle of the floor, looking down thoughtfully at his trim, small feet.

"Jadwin!" he muttered. "Hm! . . . Think you're cock of the cowyard now, don't you? Think I'm done with you, hey? Oh, yes, you'll run a corner in wheat, will you? Well, here's a point for your consideration, Mr. Curtis Jadwin: 'Don't get so big that all the other fellows can see you—they throw bricks.'"

He sat down in his chair and passed a thin and delicate hand across his lean mouth. "No," he muttered, "I won't try to kill you any more. You've cornered wheat, have you? All right. . . . Your own wheat, my smart Aleck, will do all the killing I want."

Then at last the news of the great corner, authoritative, definite, went out over all the country, and promptly the figure and name of Curtis Jadwin loomed suddenly huge and formidable in the eye of the public. There was no wheat on the Chicago market. He, the great man, the "Napoleon of La Salle Street," had it all. He sold it or hoarded it, as suited his pleasure. He dictated the price to those men who must buy it of him to fill their contracts. His hand was upon the indicator of the wheat dial of the Board of Trade, and he moved it through as many or as few of the degrees of the circle as he chose.

The newspapers, not only of Chicago but of every city in the Union, exploited him for "stories." The history of his corner, how he had effected it, its chronology, its results, were told and retold, till his name was familiar in the homes and at the firesides of uncounted thousands. "Anecdotes" were circulated concerning him, interviews—concocted for the most part in the editorial rooms—were printed. His picture appeared. He was described as a cool, calm man of steel, with a cold and calculating gray eye, "piercing as an eagle's"; as a desperate gambler, bold as a buccaneer, his eye black and fiery—a veritable pirate; as a mild, small man with a weak chin and a deprecatory demeanor; as a jolly and roistering "high roller," addicted to actresses, suppers, and to bathing in champagne.

Day in and day out Gretry's office, where Jadwin now fixed his headquarters, was besieged. People waited in the anteroom for whole half-days to get but a nod and a word from the great man. Promoters, inventors, reporters, small financiers, agents, manufacturers, even "crayon artists" and horse dealers, even tailors and yacht builders, rubbed shoulders with one another outside the door marked "Private."

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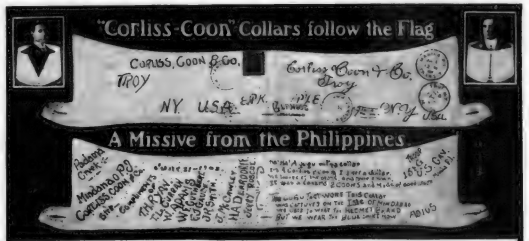
Once an entire deputation of these wheat growers found their way into the sanctum. They came bearing a presentation cup of silver, and their spokesman, stammering and horribly embarrassed in unwonted broadcloth and varnished boots, delivered a short address. He explained that all through the Middle West, all through the wheat belts, a great wave of prosperity was rolling because of Jadwin's corner. Mortgages were being paid off, new and improved farming implements were being bought, new areas seeded, new live stock acquired. The men were buying buggies again, the women parlor



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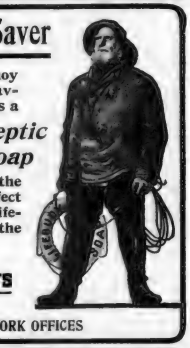

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melodions, houses and homes were going up; in short, the entire farming population of the Middle West was being daily enriched. In a letter that Jadwin received about this time from an old fellow living in "Bates Corners," Kansas, occurred the words:

"——and, sir, you must know that not a night passes that my little girl, now going on seven, sir, and the brightest of her class in the county-seat grammar school, does not pray to have God bless Mister Jadwin, who helped papa save the farm."

If there was another side, if the brilliancy of his triumph yet threw a shadow behind it, Jadwin could ignore it. It was far from him; he could not see it. Yet for all this a story came to him about this time that for long would not be quite forgotten. It came through Corthell, but very indirectly, passed on by a dozen mouths before it reached his ears.

It told of an American, an art student, who at the moment was on a tramping tour through the north of Italy. It was an ugly story. Jadwin pished and pshawed, refusing to believe it, condemning it as a ridiculous exaggeration, but somehow it appealed to an uncompromising sense of the probable; it rang true.

"And I met this boy," the student had said, "on the high road, about a kilometer outside of Arezzo. He was a fine fellow of twenty or twenty-two. He knew nothing of the world. England he supposed to be part of the mainland of Europe. For him Cavour and Mazzini were still alive. But when I announced myself American, he roused at once.

"'Ah, American,' he said. 'We know of your compatriot, then, here in Italy—this Jadwin, of Chicago, who has bought all the wheat. We have no more bread. The loaf is small as the fist, and costly. We cannot buy it; we have no money. For myself I do not care. I am young. I can eat lentils and cress. But'—and here his voice was a whisper—'but my mother—my mother!'"

"It's a lie!" Jadwin cried. "Of course it's a lie. Why, if I were to believe every blamed story the papers print about me these days I'd go insane."

Yet when he put up the price of wheat to a dollar and twenty cents the great flour mills of Minnesota and Wisconsin stopped grinding and, finding a greater profit in selling the grain than in milling it, threw their stores upon the market. Though the bakers did not increase the price of their bread as a consequence of this, the loaf—even in Chicago, even in the centre of that great Middle West that weltered in the luxury of production—was smaller, and from all the poorer districts of the city came complaints, protests and vague grumblings of discontent.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Everlasting Catalpa

THE Department of Agriculture henceforth will urge upon farmers throughout the United States the economic value of planting groves of the hardy Catalpa.

It is an almost indestructible timber. Representatives of the Government Bureau of Forestry have been making detailed study of the uses to which the wood may be put. In Southeastern Missouri they secured a post which for fifteen years served as a fence post on a farm at Charleston, Missouri, and was then turned over to the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railway where it played its part sturdily in another fence for twenty-three years more. To-day it shows not the slightest traces of decay. A tie which had been in actual use on the lines of the Louisville and Nashville for eighteen years was found to be in perfect condition. Even where the spikes had pierced the tie the wood was thoroughly sound.

For telegraph and telephone poles the hardy Catalpa is unequaled. The few groves in the West are speedily making their owners rich, and the Government experts are urging farmers to devote as much land as possible to the cultivation of this profitable tree.

These groves can be cultivated with little trouble and expense, and if ordinary vigilance is taken to protect growing trees from certain parasites, the hewn wood becomes practically indestructible; for nothing, the scientists say, can successfully attack the cut timber. It is the hope of the Bureau of Plant Industry that a realization of the great market for the hardy Catalpa timber, which at present is very scarce, will result in vast tracts of artificial forests on the now treeless plains of the West.

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The Hapgood Bureau brings men of executive, technical and professional ability—all-around capable men or specialists—in touch with employers who need their services. It has daily inquiries for men of proved ability in some particular field. Why not write the Bureau what you can do best and how you know you can do it best?

Employers

Do you need men in your business who will accept positions of responsibility and fill them to your satisfaction?

The Hapgood Bureau supplies trained workers for responsible posts,—men of ability; enthusiastic, ambitious, vigorous men.

If you are looking for a man of this character The Hapgood Bureau can tell you where to find him.

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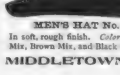

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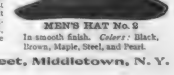

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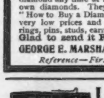

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The Money Kings of the World

(*Concluded from Page 9*)

Of the net result of their influence on the relations of nations, the truest word that can be uttered was probably that which fell from one of the Rothschilds some years ago. Some one had been repeating the familiar charge that the financiers were working for war in the hope of thereby adding still more to their enormous fortunes. Rothschild listened quietly for a time, and then interposed: "Excuse me, sir; you do not understand. None of us want war. War is bad for business. But what we like best is the time when the public is agitated by the dread of an imminent war. When stocks go up and down every hour of the day under the influence of alternate fits of confidence and of despondency, then it is that the financier who is in the inside track can make his profit."

The position of the Rothschilds in the world of finance is very much like the position of the British Empire. Throughout the nineteenth century Great Britain had practically a monopoly of the sea, of the colonies and of the trade of the world. In the twentieth century, while Britain still holds the foremost place as a naval and colonial Power, she is pressed hard by many Powers which, a hundred or even fifty years ago, were absolutely out of the running. Hence, although the British Empire was never so great, and the subjects of the British sovereign never so numerous as to-day, it is, comparatively speaking, not so dominant as it was twenty-five years ago. So it is with the Rothschilds. Their business is probably greater to-day than it has ever been. Of their invested capital no accounts are published. The firm not being a limited liability company, all particulars can be kept secret, but although it may be doing more business than it ever did, it is no longer in the position of an autocrat that brooks no rivals near its throne. One small fact is sufficient to prove this. A few years ago the British Chancellor of the Exchequer never took counsel with any financial houses in the city excepting the Rothschilds. To-day, though the Chancellor of the Exchequer still consults the Rothschilds, he also consults other financiers—a fact typical of much.

Lord Rothschild, commonly known as "Natty" among his friends, is regarded as the ablest of the present generation; but he has never commanded the reverential respect which was paid to his father, Baron Lionel de Rothschild. Besides the financial influence which he exercises, he has made himself a social and political force of no mean order. The institution of the week end, to which even Parliament itself has recently made obeisance, by which the leaders of politics and society stream out of town on Friday night or Saturday morning to spend the week end in the country, has been adroitly made use of by Lord Rothschild for the consolidation of the power of his dynasty and the extension of its influence. In his palatial country seat at Tring it is his constant study to bring together for week ends leaders of both political parties, as well as rising men who are not yet entitled to be regarded as leaders. Under the hospitable roof of the Hebrew magnate, Tories and Liberal Unionists and Home Rulers meet as on neutral ground, and Lord Rothschild is never so well pleased as when he is able at these informal meetings to render himself useful to the Ministers of the King.

Editor's Note—This is the second paper in Mr. Stead's series. The third will appear week after next.

A Lenten Table Food

FARMERS in Florida have begun to raise calla-lily roots for market. The plants grow readily in swamps, and so thickly that the yield of a single flooded acre is enormous. They reproduce themselves by the multiplication of their bulbs underground, so that the grower has simply to dig up the offshoots and leave the parents to propagate anew. These roots look a good deal like every-day potatoes, save that they are more elongated, and they may be fried, roasted, baked, or what not, according to taste.

There is no telling what plant-breeders may not accomplish next. In France they have managed to persuade violets to grow in the shape of trees by training the runners up vertical sticks. Such "tree violets," as they are called, are exceedingly curious, and the French cultivators are trying to increase the size of their flowers, which have an unfortunate tendency to smallness of size.

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The Saturday Evening Post

FEATURES OF EARLY NUMBERS

How the Cabinet Does Business

By Charles Emory Smith, former Postmaster-General. A very general ignorance of the inner workings of the Cabinet room prevails, and yet the Cabinet is the most informal, the most active, of the arms of the Government. Mr. Smith will illustrate with anecdotes of actual occurrence how the assembly handles grave questions.

The Autobiography of a Beggar

Since the days when François Villon and his fellow-rogues lived by their hunger-sharpened wits, the ancient profession of begging has made many a forward stride. Most of the newer secrets of living without working are told in this humorous story by the author of The Beggars' Club.

The Money Kings of the World

By W. T. Stead. This is the general title of six extraordinary articles (now appearing) by the Editor of the (London) *Review of Reviews* on such men as Morgan, Witte and Rothschild. Mr. Stead was a friend of the late Cecil Rhodes, "the Empire Builder." Through this friendship he gained an insight not otherwise to be had into the real ambitions of thoughtful, forceful men who are not making money for money's sake when they already have more than they can spend.

More Tales of The Admirable Tinker

Mr. Edgar Jepson, author of The Admirable Tinker, has just written some of the further adventures of his youthful hero. One of the new stories tells of Tinker's love affair; another of how he saved Sir Tancred's life. Tinker, it may be said, is the most charming hero that has been born into light fiction for many a day.

The Golden Fleece

A New Serial

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

In this sparkling serial story of American society, Mr. David Graham Phillips makes us personally acquainted with a type of Englishman which the comic papers and the metropolitan dailies have taught us to look upon with unmitigated contempt as nothing but a far from pleasant mixture of greed and imbecility. The Earl of Frothingham is a bankrupt English lord who is honestly in love with a thoroughly nice English girl as poor and aristocratic as himself. Personally he would like to marry her out-of-hand; but considerations of his duty to his family, the title, and the mortgaged estates, outweigh his love for the girl, and he comes to America to woo an heiress and her millions. His campaign, begun on the liner, is continued in New York, Boston, Washington, Philadelphia and Chicago. In each of these cities we are given a glimpse of the local "Smart Set" and its own peculiar fads and foibles. The end—an unexpected one—comes in Chicago, and we have to acknowledge that Frothingham isn't nearly so bad a fellow as we have been thinking him.

The Golden Fleece will begin about January 10 and run through 12 issues.

Old Gorgon Graham

Old Man Graham needs no introduction to readers of this magazine. In this new series, by the author of Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son, Pierrepont's father continues to indulge in business philosophy and to tell shrewd stories of his varied career as a merchant.

Things I Have Done

By M. DE BLOWITZ

It has been the fortune of but few journalists to be the sharer of as many state secrets as M. de Blowitz, the distinguished Paris correspondent of the London *Times*. For thirty years he has been of the inner circle, and his brilliant achievements have won for him a unique position in European politics. Many—perhaps, indeed, the majority—of M. de Blowitz's secrets will die with him; but the passage of time and the death of interested parties have, in many instances, released him from his parole of silence. Things I Have Done, the recollections which are now appearing in The Saturday Evening Post, would, even if badly told, be of extraordinary interest; but adorned by the author's charming and courtly style they become veritable models for future writers of secret memoirs. This series will run through the winter.

Stories by F. Hopkinson Smith

Another popular contributor to the magazine is Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith. His next tale, entitled A Point of Honor, is a clever, humorous story, which centres around a French duel over an absurd misunderstanding.

By Max Adeler

The author of Out of the Hurly-Burly will contribute to early numbers two stories in the field of humor: One the ludicrous adventures of a retired salt, who is left by his wife's will as part and parcel of her belongings to Mary Jones—subsequent disclosures seemed to indicate that the neighborhood held more than one Mary Jones; the other a satire on American politics, entitled The Reform Movement in Merriwether County.

New Tales by Lloyd Osbourne

Mr. Osbourne has long been known by his work in collaboration with his stepfather, Robert Louis Stevenson, but not until recent years has he branched out into a field wholly his own—a dialogue story which does not depend for its vivacity upon the things the reader has to supply. Mr. Osbourne's men are distinctively American men of action and achievement. In their verbal fencing they attack the very heart of the conversation with an incisive directness which must secretly have been as charming to their fair vis-à-vis as it is fresh and stimulating to the reader. Mr. Osbourne will be a frequent contributor to the magazine.

Western Stories By Will Payne

Some unusually good stories from the pen of Will Payne trace the career of a young man who began life as a printer's devil in a little Western village and by his own efforts made himself a successful lawyer.

George Ade's Irresistible Humor

Mr. George Ade, author of Fables in Slang, will be a frequent contributor to winter numbers of the magazine. His first papers will deal with the humors of village life, and will portray some of the quaint and curious types to be found in every country town. Mr. Ade will also write for the Editorial page.

By the Author of The Virginian

Mr. Owen Wister, author of the most popular book of the year, has long been a contributor to this magazine. His next story to appear in these columns is a characteristic Western yarn, in which the reader will be introduced to Mr. Skookum Smith and Mr. Frisco Baldy.

Mr. David Graham Phillips will contribute to an early number a readable anecdotal paper on Mr. Wister, his life in the West, and how he became a successful writer.

Mr. White's Washington Articles

Arrangements have just been made with Mr. William Allen White to write for this magazine exclusively a series of weekly articles on the political situation at Washington as he sees it from week to week. Mr. White will take up his residence in Washington shortly after the Christmas recess, and will cover in a broad, non-partisan way the more significant events and tendencies of national politics.

There are perhaps three or four men in the length and breadth of the country who can write on political topics as sanely, shrewdly and clearly as Mr. White; but not one of them possesses in like degree his fine native humor or his ability to wring the last drop of human interest out of his subject and into his writing. Mr. White has also the rare gift for stripping a complex theme of its non-essentials and showing it forth in its simplest terms.

Mr. White's regular articles will be reinforced by occasional papers from the pen of the Hon. Charles Emory Smith, the former Postmaster-General, and by gossipy articles—in a lighter vein—by "A New Congressman."

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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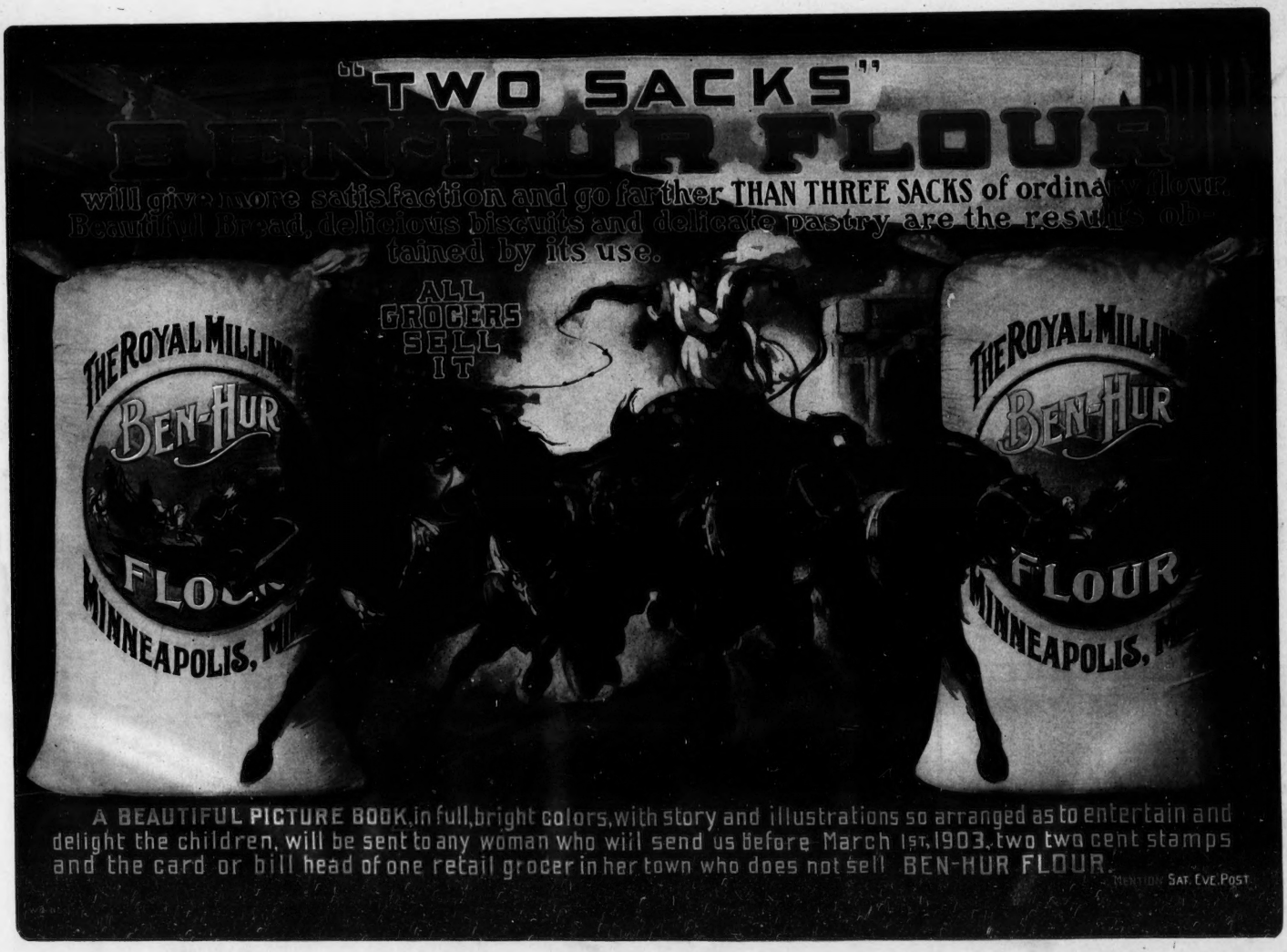

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